

# Arlington Advocate

C. S. PARKER & SON, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR. SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.

Vol. xxxix

ARLINGTON, MASS., SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1910.

No. 6.

## CANNED GOODS PRICES.

### TOMATOES

FANCY STANDARD	10C can	\$1.10 doz
SOLID PACKED	12C "	1.35 "
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## YERXA & YERXA.

### ABOUT TOWN MATTERS IN ARLINGTON.

All notices of concerts, lectures, entertainments, etc., to which an admission fee is charged or from which a revenue is to be derived, must be paid for by the advertiser at the regular advertising rates.

—The Calumets, of Winchester, bowled the A. B. C. team on the Boat Club alleys next Wednesday.

—Don't fail to hear the concert by Custer's orchestra in Town Hall, Saturday evening.

—This (Friday) evening the topic of the meeting at First Baptist church will be, "The Transmuted Trouble."

—John E., elder son of Mr. I. J. Robinson, town clerk, is authorized to canvass the town for birth statistics.

—Menotomy Council 1781, R. A., has a public installation and ladies' night this evening, the 21st, in G. A. R. Hall.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Benton receive at their home on Oakley road, next Monday evening, on the occasion of their silver wedding.

—Menotomy Canoe Club will play the Lakesides basketball team a match in Arlington Auditorium, next week Saturday evening, Jan. 29.

—Herbert W. Gleason will give an illustrated lecture on "The Canadian Rockies," in Cotting Hall at the High school, this evening, the 31st.

—Arlington Universalist church was well represented at the conference of the Middlesex County S. S. Association, held at Malden, on Tuesday.

—Miss Charity Leonard wishes to announce that she is now connected with the Arlington Exchange, where she will be glad to welcome her friends.

—Café concert, dance and cards in Town Hall, Saturday evening. Here is an attraction for everybody. The Sowers Lend-a-Hand are the hostesses of the evening.

—The Woman's Guild of St. John's Parish will meet next Wednesday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, in the Parish house. A speaker to address the ladies will be present at three o'clock.

—Tuesday evening, in G. A. R. Hall, a Dutch supper was given under the auspices of the Odd Ladies of this town. The supper was managed by Mrs. Henry Schumacher of the lodge.

—For the convenience of their parishioners and other friends, Rev. and Mrs. Frank L. Masseck are to be at home, informally, on Wednesdays during January and February, at 34 Jason street.

—On next Sunday afternoon, at three o'clock, Mr. Timothy Murnane, base ball editor of the Boston Globe, in K. of C. Hall, will give a familiar talk to members and friends of the local Lodge.

—Famous Pictures, No. 3, will be on exhibition at Robbins Library until Feb. 7th. The different schools represented are Dutch, Flemish, English, Spanish, French, Florentine and Venetian.

—Miss Parker will be at home mornings at 12 Pelham terrace, with the exception of Tuesday, to meet customers for trimming and remodeling hats in the latest styles of fall and winter millinery.

—Miss Ethel A. Harding, who played the piano so beautifully at the "Gentleman's Night" of the Arlington Woman's Club on Thursday, was a guest over night of Mrs. Henry A. Leeds, of 45 Bartlett avenue.

—The special musical feature of the evening service at First Baptist church on Sunday evening, will be solos by Mrs. Carolyn B. Reed. Rev. Dr. Wood will give a twenty minute address. The service is at 7.30.

—Arlington friends of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Helm, who formerly resided on Academy street, will be interested to learn that they are occupying attractive apartments at Clinton Hall, Clinton street, in Cambridge.

—The Arlington Historical Society will meet in Wellington Hall, Maple street, Arlington, on the evening of Tuesday, Jan. 25th, at 8 o'clock. Mrs. Geo. O. Russell will read a paper on "The early history of the Russell family."

—The patronage of the townspeople is solicited for a supper and entertainment given by the Guild of St. John's church, in the Parish House, 74 Pleasant street, Friday evening, Feb. 4th, at six o'clock. Supper, including entertainment, 35 cents.

—This Saturday evening, Sowers Lend-a-Hand gives a café concert and dance in Town Hall, at 7.45. Café refreshments are to be served. Custer's orchestra is to play. Tickets 50 cents of Miss H. L. Bott, 55 Academy street, or at the door on the 22d.

—The funeral of Charles Galarneau, husband of Mrs. Johanna Galarneau, was held at his residence, 42 Henderson street, Monday morning. At St. Agnes' church a high mass of requiem was celebrated by Rev. Joseph P. Lawless. Interment was in St. Paul's cemetery.

—The work of harvesting the large ice crop on Spy Pond was pushed rapidly ahead the first of the week. The men worked all day Sunday and well into the night in order to get the ice in before the thaw came. The ice is of good quality and about 12 inches thick.

—Messrs. Crosby and Hendrick, of the Board of Selectmen, met on last Saturday evening and looked after those matters requiring their attention. The only item of interest to the public that was transacted was the renewal of an insurance of \$6,500 which expired Jan. 10th, with the companies represented by R. W. Hilliard.

—In the Boston Pin games bowled on Wednesday evening, the A. B. C. team won and its closest rival (Colonial) lost. This of course will make quite a difference in favor of Arlington in the summing up of the week's events. The A. B. C. team made a fine showing, 475, 518, 585, 1578, to 485, 497, 505, 1487, for the Dudley team.

—Mr. James T. Swan announces through the columns of this paper that he has successfully passed the examination required of "Public Accountants," under Chapter 399, Acts of 1909, and has received a certificate, in accordance with the above Act, as a Registered Public Accountant. He is open to engagements for any one desiring his services as an expert accountant.

—The second Sunday evening service in the course of the First Baptist church was held last Sunday, and notwithstanding the snowy streets and walks, there were 275 present by actual count. Worked in singing, in which the audience, as well as the chorus choir, shall heartily engage, has been Dr. Wood's desire to make prominent in these meetings. In this service Mrs. E. Nelson Blake has rendered hearty and valuable assistance, both in chorus work and in solos. As the Blakes are to be absent for some weeks, Dr. Wood asked the audience at the close of the service to join in singing the Christian Endeavor benediction, "God be with you 'till we meet again." It was a gracious act on Dr. Wood's part, and heartily

### GRAND JANUARY CLEARANCE SALE BEFORE STOCK TAKING OF SEASONABLE MERCHANDISE

This is our Second POPULAR PRICE SALE since purchasing this store, and we better understand the needs of our patrons. In buying goods in large quantities as we do for our stores, enables us to give our customers the benefit of the low prices of this sale.

Light Prints, per yard	\$ .05	A Lot of Children's Black Cotton Hose	.10
Apron (Gingham), per yard	.07	Sizes 6 to 10, per pair	
Large Huck Towel	.07 1/2	A lot of Men's Black and Tan Hose, 9c.	.25
\$1.25 Comforters, each	.98	per pair, 3 pairs for	
\$1.25 Fringe Quilts, cut corner, each	.98	All our 50c and 60c Men's Negligee Shirts	.43
Pillow Slips, each	.12 1/2	to close out for Spring Stock	
Ladies' 50c Neckwear 25c. 25c Neckwear	.10	Men's \$1.00 outing flannel Night Shirts,	.79
All our 50 and 50c. Corsets,	.41	for this sale, each	
A Lot of Ladies' Black Cotton Hose,			
17c. per pair, 3 pairs for	.50		

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carried out by all present, with much manifest feeling. It was a "Good-bye" (God be with you) in which all could have a part, and will be remembered "When spangled far, by faith we meet around one common mercy seat."

—The competitive examination to select a candidate for the appointment as midshipman to the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md., from the 8th Congressional District of Massachusetts will be held at the Winchester High School, Winchester, Mass., Saturday morning, January 29th., at 8 o'clock.

—The new Bible class at the Universalist church, conducted under the direction of the pastor is steadily increasing in membership and interest. The subject of the lesson next Sunday will be "The Religious Value of Genesis." All people are cordially invited to this class. Be sure and bring your Bibles.

—Rev. James Yeames, the rector of St. John's parish, left the latter part of last week for Salem, Virginia. He went by way of boat along the coast line to Norfolk, and reports a voyage of snow, sleet and high winds. Salem is a suburb of Roanoke. Mrs. A. P. Gage and her daughter Grace have wintered for several seasons at Salem.

—Those who have seen the last High school play, "One of the Eight," will not want to miss the vaudeville to be given on Saturday evening, Jan. 29th, as William O. Partridge, Jr., has written an original one-act farce based on that play. It is warranted to be very funny; and, best of all, Mr. Partridge will make his first appearance to the public as the stage director.

—"A sure cure for the blues," is another title for the High school vaudeville to be presented on January 29, in Town Hall. From beginning to end this show is, we are told, full of side-splitting mirth, —one long, continuous roar of laughter. It will rival that play, "One of the Eight," which was given with such success last November. This is from the lips of William O. Partridge, Jr., himself, and he "ought to know."

—At the close of the W. C. T. U. Convention, Mrs. Henry A. Kidder was presented with the special Massachusetts badge, worn by the state president, who said, in presenting the same, it was "because all Massachusetts loves you." Mrs. Kidder was the founder of the Loyal Legion in Arlington, that has been conducted by Rev. James Yeames for the past few years and, until illness prevented, was an active and earnest worker in the temperance cause.

—Mr. Hadley, of Arlington & Belmont Ice Co., stated, on Thursday afternoon, that they had filled their ice houses on the borders of Spy Pond. They have stored some twelve thousand tons of ice, averaging twelve inches in thickness and of first class quality. They are continuing the cutting of two thousand tons more, which will be stacked in the vicinity of their ice houses for immediate use. As matters now stand, the ice crop may be said to be assured and has been harvested with less trouble and risk than has been the case for several seasons.

—The weather Friday evening, Jan. 14, was a handicap to the concert and dance given in Town Hall, under the auspices of the Y. P. C. U. of the Universalist church, but it had no effect on the pleasure of those who braved the storm and were present, or the quality of the program.

This was furnished by the Tufts College Glee and Mandolin Clubs. The program was a long and varied one, the vocal and instrumental numbers alternating, so that each number offered something new and attractive. The chorus is a capital one and well balanced, while the sweet music of the mandolins is always heard with pleasure. Mr. Wilmont, a member of the "Tufts aggregation," added not a little to the program by his readings. He is quite exceptionally talented and was more than usually popular with the audience. The Glee Club introduced "cute" stunts into their numbers, which provided a welcome humor-

ous element and caught on with the audience at once. That eighty-seven should have braved the rigors of Friday evening is worthy of note. This number, together with the students from Tufts, made a good sized company for the dance which concluded the evening. The girls had plenty of men partners for once. Neptune's orchestra played for the dancing. The committee having the evening in charge was Miss Mildred Patten, the president of the Union, Jack Hutchinson, Lawrence Minch, Miss Mildred McKay and Miss Katharine Yerrinton.

—Princeton furnished the surprise of the Intercollegiate Hockey League series Saturday night, Jan. 15, at the St. Nicholas rink, by defeating Harvard 3 to 0. The victory placed the Tigers in the lead for the race for the championship with a total of three games won. It was the third game for the Harvard seven. Several times during the contest the Harvard forwards went down the ice for a well formed line, and a score seemed probable. When called upon at such times, however, Peacock was capable of turning aside the well directed efforts of his opponents. The Harvard team's lineup was Chadwick, G. Huntington, P. Foster, Gardner, R. Hicks (Blackall), C. Leslie, W. Hornblower, W. W.

—The Menotomy Canoe Club's basketball team scored an easy victory over the Boylston five Wednesday evening, in the Auditorium. The game ended 68 to 25. Payson and Wilson scored 27 baskets between them, the former getting 17. The summary:—

Menotomy C. C.	Boylston
Wilson 11	Williams 11
Payson 10	Glavin 10
Fairfield 5	Canning 5
Small 10	Burns 10
Gustafson 10	Johnson 10
Baker 10	

Scores, Menotomy Canoe Club 68, Boylston 25. Goals from floor, Wilson 10, Payson 17, Fairfield 5, Gustafson, Small, Canning 6, Williams, Burns, Glavin 4. Goal from foul, Johnson. Referee, Gilson. Umpire, Leaver. Score, Brett, Tiner, Barrows. Time 20 minutes halves. Attendance 200.

—It is reported to us that Rev. Mr. Gill presented a fine service in the Unitarian church, last Sabbath afternoon, at half-past four o'clock. The hour was unusual and was substituted for the usual monthly evening service as an experiment. That it was a success was proved by the attendance, which was excellent, and probably the services at this hour will be continued. The choir gave an unusually elaborate programme of music which was greatly enjoyed. The music was of a high standard of merit, and it is reported to us that it was rendered with no little ability. Mr. Gill's short address was in keeping and the term, "a beautiful service," was evidently well chosen.

—Building permits have been issued by Inspector Wm. Gratto as follows:—

George Tobey, for single house on Lake street, contractor, Bert Porter; Mrs. Josephine Thomas, for single house on Randolph street, contractors, Cowen & Lalley; E. H. Hemson, for two-family house on Pierce street; Mrs. E. H. Colman, for addition and alterations on house at 125 Pleasant street, contractor, Joseph Holson; Norfolk Real Estate Trust Co., for single house on Francis road, contractor, E. A. Snow; E. A. Snow, for single house on Francis road; Mrs. E. L. Bartlett, for single house on Windemere Park, contractor, E. A. Jenkins.

—Monday evening, in Odd Fellows' hall, the newly elected officers of Ida F. Butler lodge of Rebekahs were installed. The ceremony was witnessed by large numbers of the members of Bethel Lodge, I. O. O. F., and visitors from surrounding towns and cities. A banquet preceded the exercises, and to this a large number sat down. Mrs. Garside of Wakefield, the District Deputy, was the installing officer, with Mrs. Oliver of Wakefield as grand marshal. The manner in which the work was done brought forth much praise. The officers installed were as follows: Mrs. Estelle Earle, N. G.; Mrs. Emma Hovey, V. G.; Miss Gertrude Finley, chaplain; Mrs. Alice Prince, rec. sec.; Miss Alice Whittier, fin. sec.; Mrs. Annie Needham, treas.; Mrs. Mary L. Austin, R. S. N. G.; Mrs. Henrietta Peppard, L. S. N. G.; Mrs. Martha Spalding,

R. S. V. G.; Miss Annie Grey, L. S. V. G.; Mrs. Ida Bowman, I. G.; Nathaniel Whittier, O. G.; Mrs. Lennie Chapman, P. N. G. The bountiful supper was served by N. J. Hardy. At the close of installation, handsome souvenirs were presented the District Deputy Grand Master and Grand Marshal.

—Sunday evening in St. Agnes' church, the feast of the Holy Name was observed by the Holy Name society with special services. In the morning, at the seven o'clock mass, the members received Holy Communion in a body. In the evening the members assembled in the basement of the church and a large number of new members were received. The officers for the year were elected, Dennis Hurley being chosen president and John Buckley secretary. At the close of the meeting the society marched to the church, where the new members were enrolled by the director, Rev. George H. Quigley. At the close of the enrollment a sermon on the significance of the day was preached by Rev. M. Devlin, S. J., of Boston College. The church was well filled. The choir of the society sang several hymns, including the hymns for the benediction of the most blessed sacrament.

—Susie A. Cummings, wife of Mr. Edward H. Cutter, died January 13th, at her late home, 167 Summer street, from a complication of diseases which culminated with pneumonia. The deceased was only ill a short time with pneumonia, but a weakened constitution made her an easy prey of the disease that soon sapped her life. Before her marriage Mrs. Cutter was a member of the Universalist church quartette and for quite a period after, she and her husband sang in the church and were prominent in its social life. The former pastor of the Arlington Universalist church, Rev. Francis Gray, now of Somerville, officiated at the funeral, which occurred on Tuesday afternoon, from the late home. Prayer was offered by the Rev. Frank L. Masseck, the new pastor of the Universalist church. The Orpheus Quartette sang beautifully, which added comfort to the sorrowing family, as did the wealth of floral offerings. Besides Rachel, and son Russell, left to mourn the great loss of a devoted mother. The interment was in Mt. Pleasant Cemetery.

—The annual parish meeting of the First Universalist society was held on the evening of Jan. 13th. A supper was served by the ladies' society connected with the parish, at 6.30, some sixty of the number sitting down to the tables that had been beautifully spread. After the supper there was a social half hour. At 8 o'clock, the clerk of the society called the meeting to order and read the annual warrant that had been prepared and posted some ten days previous. Mr. Frank Bott was chosen moderator of the evening. The records of the previous meetings (including two special meetings) were read and approved. The finance committee made a full and very favorable report, as well as the trustees of the trust funds and the auditors, showing that the society was in a very flourishing condition. The following were elected as the officers for the current year:—

President of the board, Frank Bott; clerk of the society, Chas. F. Coolidge; treasurer of the society, John S. Lamson; trustees, William N. Winn, James O. Holt, Fred'k A. Horter, Wendell P. Yerrinton, Henry A. Leeds, Edward W. Goodwin; house committee, Messrs. Bott, Winn, Coolidge; music committee, Messrs. Holt, Yerrinton, Horter; auditors, Messrs. Leeds, Coolidge.

—One of our oldest native born citizens has passed away in the person of Mrs. Harriette E. Frost, widow of Jacob F. Hobbs, who died at her home, 1077 Mass. avenue, Sunday morning, of pneumonia, in her 83d year. Mr. Hobbs died nine years ago last November. The couple have in the past been prominently identified with First Universalist church, but of late years Mrs. Hobbs has kept pretty closely at home. She was the daughter of Abijah and Rebecca (Locke) Frost, representing two of the oldest names in Arlington, and was born in the vicinity of what is now the entrance to Robbins road, nearly opposite the Hobbs' residence. Mrs. Hobbs has had the devoted care of her only daughter, Mrs. Joseph Moore, in her declining years and is also survived by three sons, — Clarence, Melnotte and Roland. All are resident of Arlington but Melnotte. The funeral was in charge of Mr. C. T. Hartwell and took place at the late residence of the deceased on Wednesday afternoon, at two o'clock. The services were conducted by Rev. Harry Fay Flister, of Milford, former pastor of the family, and the Orpheus Male Quartet sang appropriate selections. The burial was in the family lot in Mt. Pleasant.

—An adult Bible Class, composed of men and women, is a feature of the Sunday school connected with the First Baptist church of this town. Our fellow-citizen, E. Nelson Blake, has been the leader of this class for a number of years. Learning from him of the expected absence of Mrs. Blake and himself for a number of weeks on their winter vacation, the class gave them a surprise in a reception on Thursday evening, Jan. 13, in the chapel ladies' room. Thirty-five members gathered at that time and passed a most delightful evening in social meeting and greeting, such as is not possible at regular Sunday services. The ladies of the class prepared delicious refreshments in proverbial Baptist abundance. Dr. Wood and Mrs. Wood were also present, the doctor acting by request of the class as master of ceremonies. By request Mr. Blake gave two readings, "Mr. Puffer in the Spiritualist's cabinet," and "Peregrina Rosa at the sewing girls' funeral," also Mrs. Blake sang "Dear Homeland," "My ain firsides," and "Violets." The class numbers forty, with average attendance of twenty-eight. The bond of union in sympathy, loyalty and affection is manifest in a marked degree in this class, having Dr. Wood's hearty support.

Additional Locals on Page 8.



## REJECTED MANUSCRIPT

An Editor's Telegram That Had a Double Meaning.

By LOUISE OSBORN.

Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.

"Miss Bradley!"

"In a minute, Mr. Dunn," said Helen Bradley as she tossed her hat on the top of her desk, hung her coat carefully on a peg in the wall and crowded her gloves into a pigeonhole marked "Recipes."

Then she gave an adjusting pat to her hair and hurried through the door connecting her little room with the office of the Sunday editor of the Star.

"Good morning, Miss Bradley," said Mr. Dunn, just as he had said it every morning since, five years before, Helen Bradley had begun to work on the woman's page of the Star. "I'm going away tomorrow morning, and I'm going to ask you to do some of my work."

Helen gave a startled "Oh, I'm sorry you're going!" blushed and regained her usual businesslike voice. "Very well," she said. "What work?"

"I'll tell Jimmie to give you all manuscripts addressed to me. Open them. Read the stuff that's sent in and pass on it. You've helped me out so many times, I guess you know a good thing when you see it as well as I do. I'm putting it right up to you, Miss Bradley. That's all, thank you."

John Dunn swung round in his chair. "Hello," he said into the telephone receiver. "Give me the composing room."

Helen heard him calling emphatically and ungenially for overdue proofs as she closed the connecting door between the rooms.

Then she sat down to wonder why Mr. Dunn was going so suddenly away and to map out her two pages for the next week's Sunday paper.

The day was a hard one for the editor of the Star woman's page. The photographer telephoned that there wasn't enough sunlight and the fashion photographs wouldn't be ready until the next day.

The "beauty" writer sent word that she had a cold and couldn't get her copy in on time possibly.

Mr. Siddons, the managing editor, came in to say that he didn't think much of the new series of fashion articles Helen was running.

Her typewriter broke down, and she had to wait two hours for a man to fix it. Five o'clock found her still at her desk, struggling to think of something besides hash to tell about in the column she was writing on "How to Make Attractive Leftover Luncheon Dishes."

"Oh, Miss Bradley!" Mr. Dunn came into her room, his coat on and his hat in his hand. "I forgot to tell you. Don't be soft hearted and accept things just because you think the writer looks plucked and poor, the way you did those fashion articles Siddons kicked about. To go the stuff's got to have plenty of human interest, you know. It's got to have personal appeal. Remember that."

Then he looked at her flushed cheeks and shining eyes in the bright circle under the green drop light over her desk.

"What's the matter?" he said, for a moment the tone of the businesslike editor giving place to that of a sympathetic fellow worker. "You're tired, Miss Bradley. Shut up your desk and go home. Tomorrow you'll be fresh, and things will go better. Jove," he added, "it's a shame to pile extra work on you!"

"Oh, Mr. Dunn," said Helen. "I don't a bit mind! And I'm awfully glad to do it for you. I'll try not to make any dreadful blunders."

Helen smiled as they shook hands. "Goodbye," she said. "I hope you'll enjoy your trip!"

Then as he went out of the room she said to herself: "Now, I must remember. Human interest and personal appeal." And she scribbled the two phrases down on a slip of paper and pinned it to her calendar.

By the time John Dunn had been away from the office a week Helen had several times had recourse to the two watchwords he had given her.

The task of passing on manuscripts was always a hard one for Helen. She knew a good article when she saw it, as the Sunday editor had said; but, as he had also hinted, her sound business sense was too often overcome by her imagination.

If the copy she read was written with a well worn typewriter ribbon, if the paper seemed cheap or the ink looked watered, Helen was always disposed in favor of the article.

"I suppose," she said to herself more than once, "that a really good editor—like Mr. Dunn, for instance—doesn't pay a bit of attention to anything but the story itself."

And with the desire always before her to discharge her added responsibilities in a way that would please the absent editor Helen read the articles submitted to her in her most professional manner and submitted them all to the tests of "human interest" and "personal appeal."

As the week passed Helen found that her desire to please the grave and dignified Sunday editor was not only a desire to do her work well. With some annoyance she realized how much she had grown to depend on his friendly "Good morning" and "Good night."

She called herself foolish, for she re-

membered that from the time she had begun to work for the Star Mr. Dunn had never shown her more than the whole hearted friendliness he showed every one who worked for him.

"Well," she said to herself one morning as she looked into his empty room, "he's been gone just a week. I don't know whether I'd rather have him come back or stay away. Anyway, I'm a silly goose."

She went resolutely back to her desk and sat down before the pile of letters and manuscripts addressed to "Mr. Dunn."

Among them were a few letters for herself. She put these aside and tackled the manuscript first. After a couple of hours' reading she had two piles, one labeled "Rejected" and one labeled "Accepted." Between them was a long envelope.

"I'm not sure about that one," thought Helen. She reread the brief note accompanying the manuscript. "Please wire if you do not find it available. I have a duplicate, and I think I can place it here." Well, she added to herself, "I'll think about it while I read my own letters, and then I'll wire."

She began mechanically to read and file her own mail—recipes, fashion notes, inquiries and requests—the same kind of thing that came every day. Suddenly she stared as she hurriedly tore open an envelope bearing Mr. Dunn's handwriting.

"What can he be writing to me for. I must have made some absurd blunder about a story, but I don't see how he'd know yet."

As she read the letter her eyes sparkled and her cheeks glowed with pleasure.

"I have often thought of telling you," said the last paragraph, "but I always felt that it would be unfair to you to know, for of course I know that you regard me simply as a business associate, and I know also that you would not want to work with an editor you knew wanted to marry you. So you leave the Star, and I'd be alone."

"Something, that last night when I came to say 'goodbye,' gave me an idea perhaps you did care, after all. Anyway I must know, and if you don't I can go west to a paper that has made me an offer out there."

"That's what I came here to see about. It may seem strange—I've waited so long, but now I'm impatient. Please wire me—just a word or two, so that I may know."

"Dear, stupid, dignified John!" smiled Helen to herself after she had read the letter through again. "Jimmie," she called—please, Jimmie, come here. Do you think that you could send away any one who comes to see me in the next hour? You see, I—well, you see, I just don't want to be bothered. And, oh, Jimmie, please bring me two telegraph blanks."

"Sure, Miss Bradley," said Jimmie, good natured from the tip of his sandy, freckled nose to the tips of his straggling hair.

Then Helen settled herself to the composition of two telegrams, and when in the course of three-quarters of an hour they were done she again called the faithful Jimmie.

"Here, Jimmie," she said. "I want these two telegrams sent right off. This one's to go to this man," and she handed him a slip of paper containing the name and address of the owner of the doubtful manuscript, "and this one's to Mr. Dunn." Then Helen put the doubtful manuscript in the pile labeled "Rejected."

The next day passed quickly, and in her excitement and happiness Helen's work piled up on her desk. When she tried to read proof she found herself absently counting the "j's" and "d's" instead of looking for missing words and misplaced letters. And she found it much easier to draw plans of visionary cottages surrounded by shadowy gardens than to dispose of the manuscript before her.

"I don't care," she thought as she heard the neighboring church bells chime out 5 o'clock. "I'll quiet down now and stay until 6 or so and finish everything up. Let me see—he must have got my telegram today, and tonight maybe he'll write, and I'll get his letter tomorrow, and then I can write again, and—oh!"

Helen stopped suddenly as the door opened. Breathless from running upstairs, mystification and uncertainty in his kind eyes, John Dunn burst into the room. Helen started impulsively toward him, but when she saw the look in his eyes she hesitated.

"Why—what's the matter?" she exclaimed.

"Helen—Miss Bradley," he said, "I came to see—I don't understand—your answer."

"Didn't you get my message—a telegram?" demanded Helen, as mystified in her turn as John.

John held a little slip of yellow paper out to her. "Cannot accept," it said. "Not enough human interest. Needs more personal appeal." Then Helen laughed as she gave the slip of paper in her hands to the still uncomprehending Sunday editor.

"Don't you see?" she said. "It's Jimmie. He sent you the wrong message. That's what you told me to say—it's for a man who sent in an article I didn't want. I'm afraid we'll have to take the consequences and patch up the story, for, you see, he's got your answer, and that says—'Accepted.' But, John—Helen smiled up at him—"I shouldn't mind a little more personal appeal!"

The personal appeal was made then and there. Fortunately there was no one present to witness the fervor with which such an appeal should be made, so the fervor was forthcoming. John said afterward that he rolled off three or four columns of it, but his wife declares there wasn't more than a "sticking." Anyway the matter was settled satisfactorily to both parties, and they are now one happy couple.

## WOMAN AND FASHION

### House Party Frock.

A most convenient and attractive dress to slip into the trunk for a house party. It is simple, will not take long to make and may be adapted for evening or afternoon, according to the material used. The illustration shows it made of olive green velvet, with tunic and sleeves of silk cashmere of same color. The yoke and lower part of the



OF CASHMERE AND VELVET.

sleeves are tucked chiffon cloth of self color over net threaded with gold. A narrow band of black satin edges the tunic, and the whole is further trimmed with soutache in a darker shade of green. The tunic is belted in front, while in back it wrinkles gracefully at the waist and is fastened on the sides with a single large button. A touch of black is used on the sleeves and around the top of the collar. The velvet underskirt is of a plain circular cut.

### Rhinestone Hatpins.

Now that hatpins play such an important part in the accessories of the correctly dressed girl and woman they are much more carefully chosen and matched up than formerly. Four, at the least, are required to hold the modern hat securely on the head, and in many cases five and six are worn. It is the correct thing this winter, as it was last summer, to have the hatpins alike; if not in shape, the stones should be the same, and in the arts and crafts pins the design and enamel correspond in each.

The preferred pin for this winter is set with rhinestones, the huge head being in cabochon, oval or diamond shape. With the satiny beaver hats and those of silky fur and panne velvet these pins are exceptionally smart. Another very good looking set of pins has huge cloudy cabochon sapphires surrounded with tiny rhinestones, and those of faceted jet are also popular.

### Gaiters to Match Your Hat.

It is English and a custom which many women on this side have adopted to look carefully to the gaiters when out for a walk.

They are checked and are worn to match the covered hat. Blue and white gaiters look smart with a blue turban, gray and white with the gray, brown and black with the brown, and so on through the variety of tones of this winter's millinery.

This "mania for matching," as one observing man called it, necessitates a good supply of gaiters, but the possession of a variety gives a certain distinct individuality to the outfit of a woman.

### Velvet in the Hair.

Women who can wear a flat band around the head, and the majority of them can, are substituting this for the heavy coil of hair worn under the hat. The ribbon is for evening and makes the coiffure quite brilliant. It carries out the color scheme of the gown. The pastel shades, which are commonly considered suitable for the hair, are rarely used. Instead one sees plum purple, royal blue, burgundy red, plum black, jade green and sapphire.

Satin and velvet ribbon are used; also tulle. The oriental style of using this ribbon is to finish it above the ears with gemmed cabochons.

### New Umbrella Top.

One of the big shops shows distinctly new and clever inventions in umbrella tops. There is a flattened round gold top which opens with a tiny spring to disclose a fascinating little vanity box with mirror framed in the gold top, crystal lined hollow for powder and a tiny puff.

The lid of the box is jeweled or engraved with a monogram.

Other umbrellas with tall directorio handles have leashes of plaited leather things in red, green and white curled around them like a whip.

### Brocade Blouses.

Blouses of brocade are being worn with the high waisted tailored skirts and long coats to complete the street costume. They are veiled with net and chiffon in the color of the suit and are most attractive.

With elaborate costumes blouses of flowered brocade are worn, and the are veiled with fine spotted net (rows and rows of fine valenciennes lace joined with fine gold or silver braid.

## NEW SHORT STORIES

### Curing a Skeptic.

A story is told of Rabbi Widewitz, who is well known on the east side. A recently arrived skeptic and cynic came to see him once with a "case" intended to put the reverend gentleman "up a tree." He called on the rabbi at his residence in Henry street and begged to be healed and consoled.

"I suffer," said the skeptic, "from two maladies. I have a great weakness—I cannot tell the truth, and that hurts my soul terribly. And I have lost the sense of taste in my mouth. Something is wrong with my tongue."

Mr. Widewitz studied the man a moment, seemed to be perplexed and said: "Come again tomorrow. It is a



THE PILL WAS OF CONSIDERABLE SIZE.

difficult case. I shall have to reflect upon it. If God wills I shall be able to help you."

When the patient returned next day the rabbi brought forth a pill he had prepared, told the doubly afflicted man to open his mouth and shoved it in. The pill was of considerable size. Scarcely had the patient allowed it to dissolve somewhat in his mouth than he began to spit, with an expression of the greatest disgust, and exclaimed: "What do you mean? That's tar and sulphur and kerosene you gave me. Do you want to poison me? Phui!"

"Well, what are you making so much noise about?" laughed the rabbi, with great heartiness. "Hasn't God performed a miracle? You have told the truth. It is really tar and sulphur and kerosene. And you have actually recovered the sense of taste in your mouth."—New York Press.

### Sherman's Speech Bottled Up.

Vice President James S. Sherman, who swings the gavel which keeps order in the senate, is likely to make a speech at almost any moment. If there is a hall with an unfilled lecture date or a guaranteed audience of 2,000 people or more anywhere within 500 miles of Washington it can obtain the services of the vice president of the United States and a rattling good speech without serious difficulty.

Mr. Sherman went to Akron, O., to speak at the annual Garfield dinner. When he arrived he was informed that three other speakers would precede him, taking about ten minutes each.

"You will be given an hour," said Senator Dick, who was in charge of the affair.

At about 11:40 o'clock Senator Dick, who was preceding, arose to introduce the vice president, the additional speaker having been slipped in meanwhile.

"We have arranged to close the banquet at 12 o'clock," announced Senator Dick, and then he presented Mr. Sherman. This is the reason that there is a good speech bottled up in the senate end of the capitol.—New York Herald.

### Light of Truth.

"The late Henry C. Lea of Philadelphia," said a Boston publisher, "was the world's foremost authority on the Spanish Inquisition. To this subject he devoted his life."

"Mr. Lea was a realist. He sought only the truth. He threw romantic lights over nothing. He believed that the truth gave the best effects of all."

"Once, to illustrate the striking effect that the truth gave, he said that Byron—though it is not generally known—put a second inclosure in the envelope to his wife containing the beautiful lines:

"Fare thee well! And if for ever. Still forever fare thee well!"

"The second inclosure was a butcher's bill, on which in his fine hand the poet had scrawled:

"Please look over this, as I don't believe we had so much meat in the time stated."

### Saving the Situation.

Dr. Hilary Little Laycock of Wheeling at the recent diocesan convention in New York said of a certain resolution:

"It was perhaps unintelligible, like the Wheeling man's prayer."

"This man, praying in meeting for a brother who lay very ill, cried:

"Oh, Lord, restore unto us our brother if it doth not interfere with thy perquisites."

"The situation was saved by a deacon who shouted:

"Hallelujah! The Lord knows what he means."

## CHOICE MISCELLANY

### Comical Candor.

Nothing more delightful in its unconscious humor can have been perpetrated by the Hindoo than this letter, which was submitted to the markets special committee of the Calcutta corporation.

"My prayer is," says the writer, "that I have a milk shop at the above address. At this shop I sell milk adulterated with water. I sell it in the condition I buy it from the market, and I do not water it myself. But the food inspector, unable to stop sale of adulterated milk in the market, unjustly threatens me. I have therefore publicly put up a signboard stating that adulterated milk is sold in my shop. I submit this for your honor's information that the food inspector may not oppress me when I am not committing an offense."

From a report by the health officer it appears that no fewer than twenty-eight signboards have been put up in the milk bazaar bearing the legend, "Milk With Water Is Sold Here," or "Milk Mixed With Water." The exhibition of these boards prevents the prosecution of the vendors for selling adulterated milk.—London Chronicle.

### A Postal Oddity.

One of the most remarkable mail routes in the world is that which a letter journeys in getting from Beebe Plain, Vt., to Beebe Plain, Que., says the Boston Herald. While the two offices are within ten feet of each other—are located in the same room, in fact—a letter mailed from one office to the other must make a trip of 294 miles, sixty-seven miles in Canada and the rest in the United States.

The plain, old fashioned store building, which is situated on the international boundary line, contains both the United States and Canadian offices. There are separate entrances to each, but both are in the same room, have the same lobby, and there are no partitions to mark the divisions between the domain of Uncle Sam and the possession of King Edward.

"If you mail a letter from the Vermont side addressed to the Quebec side," says the postmaster, "it goes from here to the junction, then to Newport, then to White River Junction and back to Lennoxville."

### Dress at Monte Carlo.

The management of the Casino at Monte Carlo is compelled regretfully to read a sartorial riot act to the frequenters of the most sensational gambling center in the world. A certain amount of laxness in the matter of dress has been apparent, and as a result the tables have lost some of the distinguished appearance that they used to have. Henceforth gentlemen will not be admitted unless they are in full evening dress. Curiously enough, the chief offenders are neither Americans nor English, who are usually attired irreproachably. It is the Germans, French, Austrians, Hungarians and Russians whose carelessness in the matter of dress has called forth this sumptuary edict.—Argonaut.

### The Panama Canal in War.

The strategic value of the Panama Canal is estimated to be equivalent to a fleet of large battleships. This is the conclusion of Dr. Cornish, given before the Royal Geographical society in London. Taking the cost of the canal at \$500,000,000, which would only build forty first class battleships nowadays, the United States will have a good bargain and be able to cover a total coast line without any material increase in her vessels. The canal will double the sea efficiency of our fleet for half the sum of money that would otherwise be necessary to maintain communication between the Pacific and Atlantic coasts.—National Magazine.

### Not From Mayo.

According to a police reporter, this happened in a saloon in the Tenderloin at 3 o'clock Sunday morning. A detective from police headquarters dropped into a "corner joint" to see how the excise law was being observed—or violated. A drink of whisky was served by a waiter just over from the "cold country." The waiter, thinking that he might make himself popular, walked over to the customer after he swallowed his drink and asked: "Ain't you from the County Mayo?"

"No, I ain't," replied the central office man. "I'm from headquarters. Get your hat and come along!"—New York Tribune.

### The Secret of Bronze.

It has been supposed that the ancients had some method of hardening bronze tools the secret of which has been lost. Professor Gowland of the British Institute of Metals says that the ancient bronzes were very impure, so that their hardness could not have been due, as sometimes assumed, to their exceptional purity. On the other hand, inasmuch as modern bronzes by careful hammering can be made as hard as the ancient ones, the legend of a lost art of bronze hardening seems to be exploded.—Youth's Companion.

### Wonders of Inyo County.

Inyo county, Cal., from which the city of Los Angeles has obtained ample water rights, also contains within its borders the famous Death valley. That a water supply sufficient for a city of a million people and also one of the most dreaded and forbidding deserts on earth should both exist not only in the same state, but in the same county, is an illustration of those strange and abrupt transitions in the face of nature for which California is noted.—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Russian sugar crop exceeds a million tons.

Experiments in raising vanilla are to be made in Brazil.

A direct cable is to be constructed between Argentina and the continent of Europe.

Cotton growing is being resumed in Palestine. An extensive suitable area is available.

There are in Constantinople some 400 pharmacies to an estimated population of 1,125,000.

In England in 1534 a penalty was imposed on flockmasters who kept above 2,000 sheep.

Ice breakers are of importance in Russian ports. Riga is to have a new one costing nearly \$200,000.

Canada's first great electric smelting plant for the treatment of ores is to be erected at Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

It is estimated that 75 per cent of the products advertised in the street cars of Canada are of American manufacture.

An average of thirteen persons a day who use the railroads of the country for footpaths pay for the practice with their lives.

Operators on the sewing machine in south China are paid \$3 a month for working nine hours a day seven days in the week.

The swamp areas of the United States if combined would cover the New England states, New York and New Jersey.

During the last ten years \$750,000 worth of property has been cast ashore on the coast of Ireland, including twenty-six steam vessels.

W. E. Cummings of Albany, Me., felled on his farm a spruce tree that was 175 years old and measured nearly four feet across the stump.

For every man, woman and child in this country there is manufactured each week more than twelve pounds of finished iron and steel products.

Though hydrophobia has been stamped out of Britain, it is still rampant in Germany, where every year over 2,500 dogs and cats afflicted with the disease are destroyed.

When George Osborn, a jeweler, of New Haven, Conn., took apart an old clock brought to him to be repaired, he found a green wad of \$150 tucked in the back of it.

One Scotch casualty insurance company is offering policies to aviators, while another will extend all future policies to cover the risks of aviation and ballooning.

West Australian flowers inclosed in a block of ice sent by the governor, Sir Gerald Strickland, to Joseph Chamberlain recently arrived in London in the orient liner Ophir.

All the grade crossings on the Montreux-Berne-Oberland electric railway are guarded by automatic gates or bars which close when a car approaches and lift when it passes.

Despite the disadvantages of a temperature of 30 below zero, the gasoline engine of Lieutenant Shackleton's motor sleigh used in his antarctic expedition worked with scarcely a hitch.

The Lincolnshire (England) county court ordered a man who was owing \$90 to a money lender to pay the debt in installments of 2 cents a month, at which rate it will take 365 years to pay off the sum.

There are not less than 800 moving picture shows in New York city, and, figuring on the capacity of each and on the basis that each house is filled twice a day, they give amusement to 480,000 people a day.

The Swiss climbing season of 1909 will long be remembered as a black year for accidents. At least 150 climbers were killed outright or died from the effects of the injuries they sustained in the mountains.

Cork cut into very thin sheets and chemically treated to remove all resinous matter is being used in France for hats, shoes and waterproof garments. In the last instance textile materials being coated with it.

The failure of the experiment of hiring Japanese laborers on the coffee plantations in Brazil is explained as being due to the unwillingness of Brazilian planters to allow the Japanese laborers to adapt their own systems of work to the industry in which they are engaged.

Paris is having much trouble with the moving picture craze, and the camera operators now even invade the cemeteries when the funeral of some well known person is being held. The government had to forbid the photographers from attending executions, as they wanted to even make films of these.

For many years the Mexican dollar was current at and in the vicinity of the Chinese coast and river ports, but now Chinese dollars are coined at the provincial mints at Tientsin, Nanking, Wuchang, Hankow, Canton and elsewhere, but the mintage of one province is only accepted at a discount in another province.

The Women's Industrial and Educational union of Boston has started the work of introducing the system of savings bank, life insurance and old age annuities among the settlements in and near Boston. The plan is to instruct a class made up of representatives of co-operative social settlements in savings insurance.

The 100,000 British residents of Argentina have decided to erect a memorial clock tower on some prominent site in Buenos Aires in 1910 to mark the first centenary of Argentine independence. A monument will be erected by the Spanish community in Argentina, while the French, Italian and other foreign elements have similar plans on foot.



## WASHINGTON LETTER

By CARL SCHOFIELD, Special Correspondent.

Unless something happens Washington will have in the coming three months one of the most brilliant seasons ever known here. Instead of the overcrowded state receptions at the White House there will be exclusive levees, where it will be deemed as great an honor to be seen as in a court drawing room of the old world. While the cabinet as a body will not lend much brilliancy, many of its members being in mourning, the social world outside will catch the spirit introduced by Mrs. Taft and will help to round out a memorable winter.

## Rich Congressmen.

Multimillionaires are invading the house of representatives. That legislative body today is more thickly invested, so to speak, by "predatory plagues" than at any previous period in its history.

One of the fifteen richest men in this country is a representative in congress from New York. His name is John E. Andrus, and his wealth is estimated at \$60,000,000. He is a chemical king, controlling to a great extent the production of medicinal drugs in the United States. Nearly all of the pills manufactured in America come from his mills, whence the name "Old Chewing Gum" applied to him jokingly by his fellow congressmen, though, as a matter of fact, he puts on the market no such commodity.

One of the most remarkable men in the present house is Daniel P. Lafaen of York, Pa. He likewise was a born fortune builder. He started in life as driver of a coal cart at \$1 a day. Every cent he possesses he has made for himself, and his wealth today amounts to not less than \$2,000,000. He owns silk mills, laundries and automobile factories; but, industrially speaking, he is chiefly conspicuous as the candy king.

## Washington Fourth on the List.

Washington is fourth in the list of American cities when one considers the area of asphalt streets. New York comes first, with Chicago and Philadelphia following in the order named. The national capital has 4,000,000 square yards of this sort of street paving, according to advance sheets of the census office bulletin on the subject.

In this city there are 1,300,000 square yards of macadamized streets, while the area of cobblestones is so small that it is hardly worth estimating.

Chicago and Detroit are strong on the block wood streets, having between them more than two-thirds of the wood block pavements in the country.

## Names of the White House.

It is still the "White House" from which President Taft sends his annual message instead of the "executive mansion," by which it had been formally designated before Roosevelt's day. But even that stilted title lacks the support of long usage. The early presidents described it as the "president's house" or the "president's mansion," according to personal tastes. In the earliest plotting of Washington the capitol and the White House were designated by names which would hardly be understood by the newsboys of this city today. It called one "congress house" and the other the "president's house." The White House is the common sense designation because specific and in accord with popular usage.

## White House Expenses.

The entire expense of the White House, including the salary of the president and cost of clerical and office assistance, is a little more than the sum allotted by the Hollanders to Queen Wilhelmina and is certainly not an extravagant ratio of expenditures, contrasting the proportions of the two countries.

The total appropriation for this year—for telephone service, automobiles, housekeeping, care of conservatory and greenhouses, printing, lighting and the multifarious trifles necessary to keep up such an establishment—is \$277,255, the lowest sum expended in the maintenance of the White House since 1904 except during the last two years of the Roosevelt administration, when a record was made by keeping down expenses to about \$160,000 each year.

With the exception of these two years the expenses have been higher, chiefly owing to appropriations for repairs and additions, which vary from year to year. The highest executive expenditures are about one-tenth of the civil list of Germany and one-eighth that of England.

## A Unionist Congressman.

The workmen of the country have one member of congress who is a worker and comes grimy from the mines. He is William B. Wilson, who was twice elected to the house from the Lycoming-Pioga district of Pennsylvania. At eleven years of age he became a worker in the mines near Blossburg, Pa., and later on became interested in labor matters, finally becoming secretary-treasurer of the United Mine Workers of America. Mr. Wilson has a fund of information at his command and can tell where nearly every ton of coal mined in Pennsylvania goes for consumption. Twice as a Democrat on a labor platform has been elected in a district that is claimed as Republican. He is a round headed Scotchman, quick in his movements and as a member of the committee on census is of great aid in the industrial and mining features of the work. It would seem as if an attempt had been made to sidetrack Wilson, as he has been left off both the committee on labor and mines and mining, features of which he is fully conversant.

## HUMOR OF THE HOUR

## His One Great Chance.

One who had been very rich slowly appeared behind the gates of poverty. He appeared to be in doubt.

There was nothing in his manner to indicate that he expected to be welcomed with open arms or a blare of trumpets.

He saw others, those who had been poor and humble upon the earth, walk up confidently to the splendid entrance and gain ready admittance.

Frequently he paused as if he had decided to turn back, but little by little he drew nearer to the place where his fate was to be decided.

At last he stood before the gate and peered through at the magnificent scene within.

Then the saint who kept the key, perceiving him, asked:

"Have you any credentials to present?"

"No," replied the one who had been very rich. "The best I can hope for is to ask that you will permit me to try to get a camel to pass through the eye of a needle. I don't suppose I can do it, but I will try. I have never believed in giving up without making an effort."

"Your remarks lead me to believe you were a rich man."

"I was—a very rich man."

"I suppose you were not always scrupulous in your dealings with other men?"

"No."

"Your riches were not the result of hard work and honest dealing?"

"No. I gained my millions by laying burdens upon others, by cunningly evading laws that were made for the purpose of protecting the weak and by engaging in enterprises that were often of a questionable nature."

"I suppose you gave many millions to charity and did other things that were intended to divert public attention from your reprehensible practices?"

"Yes. I can see now, however, that I might as well have saved myself the trouble. Giving to charity for selfish ends instead of for the love of giving, it appears from certain things which I have seen and heard since my arrival here, does not rank as a virtue."

"Well, if there is nothing in your record which ought to entitle you to admittance here, why do you linger?"

"There is one thing that I have thought might be considered in my favor."

"What is it?"

"I never went around after I had become a multimillionaire trying to make people believe that I considered my wealth a burden and was longing to be poor again."

"Wait. Don't go away. I think we may be able to fix it for you without applying the needle's eye test."—Chicago Record-Herald.

## Not the Least Alarmed.

"The last time I was around here I was telling you about the comet," said the tourist.

"I remember, boss," grinned the freckled lad on the fence.

"Didn't frighten you much?"

"Not a bit, stranger."

"Well, listen. Since then I have found out that the comet will be equal to twenty full moons."

"Good news, by heck! That'll be more spooning than ever, dad won't have to burn so many candles, and the mules can feed at night and work twice as hard in the daytime."

"You seem to be a good prophet, bub. Do you know the tail of this comet will sweep the earth next May?"

"That ought to please me, sir, because May is housecleaning time."

"You seem to be the limit, young man. Suppose you awake some morning and find there is nothing left but the farm?"

"Just what I am thinking, stranger. President Taft says, 'Young man, stick to the farm,' and I guess in that case I'd have to do it."—Chicago News.

## Tooly Lural!

"How far is it between these two towns?" asked the lawyer.

"About four miles as the flow cries," replied the witness.

"You mean as the cry flows."

"No," put in the judge; "he means as the fly crows."

And then all looked at each other, feeling that something was wrong.—Everybody's Magazine.

## Improvement.

The Landlady—At our table, Mr. Bjinks, it is the custom to return thanks at each meal.

The New Boarder—That's fine! I like it lots better than paying cash.—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

## Appropriate.

"He has invented a new drink."

"What does he call it?"

"Love."

"Why?"

"Because it makes the world go round."—Houston Post.

## The Servant Problem.

Stude (home for vacation)—Bridget, I've just found another fly in the milk.

Bridget (apprehensively)—Begorra, it's wonderful what collidge trainin' will do for ye.—Yale Record.

## In the Ark.

Noah—I know what I'm going to do.

Mrs. Noah—What is it?

Noah—Hold the elephant's trunk for board.—New York Press.

## Popular a Short Time Ago.

"What is a north pole cocktail anyway?"

"A gumdrop in a glass of soft soap suds."—Boston Herald.

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TIME TABLE.

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Arlington Centre to Harvard Street—via Beacon St., Somerville, 4:57 5:17, a. m., and intervals of 20 minutes to 11:30, p. m.

SUNDAY—7:00, a. m., and intervals of 30 and 30 minutes, to 11:30 p. m.

Arlington Heights to Harvard Square—4:31, p. m., and every 10 minutes to 6:01 p. m.

Arlington Heights to Subway—5:04, a. m., and intervals of 10, 5, 7 and 8 minutes to 11:30 p. m. SUNDAY—6:00, 6:30 a. m., and intervals of 10, 7 and 8 minutes to 11:30 p. m.

NIGHT SERVICE—To Adams Sq. via Harvard Sq.—11:30, 12:00, 12:30, 1:00, 1:30, 2:00, 2:30, 3:00, 3:30, 4:00, 4:30, 5:00, 5:30, 6:00, 6:30, 7:00, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 9:00, 9:30, 10:00, 10:30, 11:00, 11:30, p. m.

Arlington Centre via Medford Hill—4:56, 5:16, 5:36, a. m., and intervals of 1, 10, 15 and 30 minutes to 12:10, night. SUNDAY—6:30, 6:50, a. m., and intervals of 10, 15 and 30 minutes to 12:10, night.

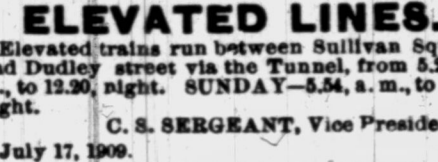
Night Service to Adams Sq. By connection at Winter Hill with Medford Adams Sq. car, 12:45, 1:30, 2:30, 3:30, 4:30 a. m. Medford car leaves Adams Sq. 1:30, 2:30, 3:30, 4:30 a. m.

ELEVATED LINES.

Elevated trains run between Sullivan Square and Dudley street via the Tunnel, from 5:34, a. m., to 12:30, night. SUNDAY—5:54, a. m., to 11:30, night.

C. S. SERGEANT, Vice President.

July 17, 1909.



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## SEAL HUNTING.

Eskimo Methods In Dealing With the Wary Creatures.

Writing of far northern hunting methods, Harry Whitney thus describes in Outing how Eskimos kill the wary seal:

"Many seals were seen on the fresh made ice, and Elseeyou, my head man, expressed a desire that I take charge of his dog team while he stalked some of them. Seals are extremely shy, and great caution must be practiced in approaching them. The Eskimos use a blind in the form of a miniature sledge, about eighteen inches in length by six in width, with bearskins tacked on the runners. Fore and aft are two upright crooked sticks, upon which the rifle rests and to which it is lashed. On the front of the sledge a cross-bar sustains two long perpendicular sticks, over which a piece of white cloth is stretched, or when that is not attainable, bearskin is substituted. Through a hole in this cloth screen the muzzle of the rifle protrudes.

"Holding his blind before him, he was enabled to walk within 300 or 400 yards of a seal without startling it. Then he dropped on his hands and knees and pushed the little sledge before him. Thus hidden behind the cloth screen, which so blended with the ice as to arouse in the seal no suspicion of danger, he approached within fifty yards before shooting. Seals always lie close to their holes, and it is necessary to hit them in the head or under the shoulder and have the bullet penetrate the heart and kill them instantly; otherwise they will flop into the hole and sink before it is possible to reach them."

## NORWAY'S BILL OF FARE.

Fish and Boiled Potatoes Served Day After Day.

"As we sat cozily before the cheerful blaze," writes Caroline Thurber in a delightful account of "A Motor Invasion of Norway" in the Century. "we indulged in mathematical calculations and found that we had eaten forty-two consecutive meals of fish, with potatoes never otherwise than boiled. One of the women of our party once cried from her soul to a sympathetic looking host, 'Why, oh, why, are there no chickens in Norway?'"

"There are, madam, but they are for laying purposes."

"Then why, oh, why, do you always boll your potatoes?"

"We are different from you, madam. We don't like them messy. We prefer to know a potato as a potato when we eat it."

"In our passage through the country we had certainly encountered new and unpalatable foods, but we were always nourished, for good milk, butter and eggs were everywhere at hand, and we developed powers of digestion previously undreamed of. Even so, one supper menu staggered us—note bene: Sausages, three kinds; raw salmon, pickled anchovies, shrimps, cold fried fish, cold fish pudding, cold meats, five varieties of cheese, pickles, oranges and gooseberry marmalade, tea, four kinds of raised bread, flat bread with caraway, English biscuit, Norwegian rusks, fried eggs, hot stew (variety unrecognized) and boiled potatoes."

## A Week of Blunders.

Sir William Harcourt once told me that he had dined out every night for a whole week in advance of his invitation. He discovered his mistake only on the last night, when on going to dine with some people who gave long invitations and large dinners he found them alone. After a very pleasant evening he thanked them for asking him in so friendly a manner, whereupon they explained that the invitation had been for a week later, but that they had been only too delighted at his mistake. On hearing this Sir William looked at his engagement book and discovered that this was the last of a number of invitations which he had anticipated by a week. "Memories of Fifty Years," by Lady St. Heller.

## Tiny Work.

Mark Scallot, a blacksmith, in 1578, in the twentieth year of Queen Elizabeth's reign, made a lock consisting of eighteen pieces of steel, iron and brass, with a hollow key to fit, that altogether weighed but one grain of gold. He also made a gold chain, composed of forty-three links, which he fastened to the lock and key. In the presence of the queen he put the chain about the neck of a flea, which drew it with ease, after which he put the lock and key, flea and chain into a pair of scales, and they together weighed but one grain and a half. This is vouched for by an old writer.

## Impossible.

A lusty lugged auctioneer was holding forth in flowery terms on the virtues of a particular brand of cigars he was endeavoring to induce his audience to purchase. Holding up a box of cigars, he shouted: "You can't get better, gentlemen, I don't care where you go, you can't get better!"

"No," came a cynical voice from a man in the crowd, "you can't. I smoked one last week and I'm not better yet!"—People.

## That Wheezy Sound.

"Say," inquired the boy next door of the little girl whose father suffered from asthma, "what makes your father wheeze so?"

"I guess it's one of his inside organs playing."—Puck.

## Tommy's Share.

"Well, Tommy, what part of the chicken will you have?"

"Why, paw, you know I always take the back when there's company."—St. Louis Republic.



## Arlington Advocate

Fowle's Block, Mass. Avenue

Published every Saturday noon by  
**C. S. PARKER & SON,**  
Editors and Proprietors.

Subscription \$2. Single copies 5 cts.

Arlington, January 22, 1910.

ADVERTISING RATES.	
Reading Notices, per line,	45 cents
Special Notices, " "	15 "
Religious and Obituary Notices, per line,	10 "
Advertisements, per inch,	75 "
" " one-half inch,	50 "
Marriages and Deaths—free.	

Entered at the Boston postoffice (Arlington Station) as second class matter.

The Cambridge Chronicle states with evident authority, that Rev. Alexander McKenzie, D. D., pastor of Shepherd Memorial church in that city for forty-three years, will shortly tender his resignation. He plans to sail for Europe early next summer and will spend a year abroad. Dr. McKenzie has entered on his eightieth year. He began his pastoral work in 1861, and has been in Cambridge since 1897.

The venerable Oliver F. Bryant, for thirty-four years a member of Chauncy Hall School, Boston, died on Sunday, aged 82 years. Mr. Bryant took up his residence in Woburn in 1886 and since that time has been identified with the city in the best sort of way, serving on the school board, as a trustee of the public library and as a member of the board of aldermen. For thirty-seven years he has served as a deacon of the old First Parish church. Gracious in manner, of pleasing address, he was the best type of the Christian gentleman.

Applicants for position as Census Enumerator may write to Mr. Charles F. Gottemy, Supervisor 15th U. S. Census, 256 State House, Boston. Written application must be in before Tuesday, Jan. 25. Examination to test the applicant's fitness will be held on Saturday, Feb. 5. Work will commence on April 15th and last 15 days. Pay will be 20 for every living inhabitant. A competent enumerator should be able to earn at least \$4 per day. Applicant should be a citizen of the U. S. and not less than 18 nor more than 70 years of age.

Ruth St. Denis rounded out her Boston engagement at the Hollis Street Theater this week. The large attendance that greeted her paid tribute to the magnetism of her Hindoo dances. The fact that she came for a single week, and that the present one is the fourth one of her visit, is as conclusive an argument as could be wished concerning the interest aroused by her pictures of life in the far East. It is as novel an entertainment as could be dreamed of, and the magnetic personality of Miss St. Denis, the richness of the costume and jewelry, the charm of the scenes and the stage settings, the presence on the stage of real natives to give their songs and their recitations, the harmony of the quaint orchestral settings—all these appeal to the spectator with unquestioned force.

## Increasing the Pay Roll.

The Boston Elevated Railway Company has announced an increase in the wages of its 5,000 car service men, to begin next Saturday, that is estimated to amount to over \$100,000 annually. This advance was made without solicitation and is the third increase that has been voluntarily made by the company in seven years. The amount to be paid this year to car service employees in higher wages, pensions, rewards for good conduct and other compensation above what would have been paid under provisions of seven years ago is expected to amount to about \$425,000. The amount paid to the public in taxes, subway and tunnel rentals last year was over a half million dollars greater than the corresponding payments seven years ago. During that period there has been no increase in the rate of dividends. In other words, while the payments to employees and to the public and the expenditures for service have been greatly increased, not a dollar has been used to increase the percentage of return on the capital invested in the business.

## State Pensions Opposed.

The state paid pension has just been condemned—the voluntary old age pension highly approved in the report to the Legislature of the Old Age Pension Commission which was appointed in 1907. The crude notion that, following the example of Great Britain, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts should find a weekly or monthly pension for every needy citizen over a certain age, has for some time been persistent in some quarters, but this commission of experts was unanimous in reporting that serious difficulties would stand in the way of the adoption of such a scheme here. It is urged that if any general system of old age pensions were to be established, the United States Government, rather than the state governments, should take the initiative. In Massachusetts no large demands for them exist.

Instead, the Old Age Pension Commission recommends that the principles of thrift be included among subjects of compulsory instruction in the schools; that the attention of employers and employees should be directed to the opportunities for purchase of annuities or vol-

untary old age pensions under the Massachusetts savings insurance plan; that the schemes of old age insurance instituted by several American railroad and other industrial corporations should be studied by all large employers of labor who have not already adopted such schemes; that bills for the establishment of retirement systems for public employees should be urged; that a permanent unpaid commission on old age pensions should be created.

## Middlesex County Convention.

On Wednesday an all-day meeting of the mid-winter convention of Middlesex County W. C. T. U. was held at Arlington, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Arlington entertaining the convention. The meeting place was in the Pleasant street Congregational church. The ladies of the local Union acting as hostesses were its president, Mrs. John Ewart, Mrs. H. T. Gregory, the secretary, and Mrs. F. A. Johnson, the treasurer. The assembly convened at ten in the forenoon, the president of the county Union, Mrs. Abby F. Rolfe of Concord, opening the meeting. Then followed the appointment of committees and an address of welcome by Mrs. Ewart, who in turn introduced the Rev. S. C. Bushnell, pastor of the church where the ladies were meeting, whose warm cordiality made every one at once at home. Mrs. W. H. H. Tracy, of Winchester, responded; then followed the reading of the records by the secretary, Mrs. Augusta R. Brigham, of Malden. Department reports were listened to from Miss Fannie A. Loring, representing the flower mission work, and Mrs. A. D. Phipps explained the medal contest, which is used as an incentive among the young people in the Local League work. The roll-call and "presidents' hour," when the presidents of the several Unions in the district reported for their respective organizations, was one of the most interesting features of the convention. Mrs. Thomas Martin led a noontide devotional service; then there was an adjournment for luncheon. This was served in the vestry, and you can be assured if Arlington had anything to do with it, it was a tempting repast.

The afternoon session opened about two o'clock, with a praise and devotional service. Rev. Nathan E. Wood, D. D., pastor of First Baptist church, Arlington, presided and made this service unusually impressive. The treasurer of the District Union, Miss G. A. Richardson of Braintree, then offered her report. Rev. Jas. Yeames' departure for the south made it impossible for him to respond for the Local Temperance Legion, of which he has been superintendent for some time. One of the principal features of the afternoon was the address by Miss Elizabeth P. Gordon, representing the National W. C. T. U. She spoke on the broader aspects of the work, and proved a logical and interesting talker. The afternoon closed with brief remarks from pastors present and visiting friends and the completion of any business which remained to be attended to. Rev. F. B. Taylor, of the Arlington Heights Methodist church, gave a stirring address, while the other speakers were Mrs. L. C. Purlington, M. D., State Supt. of Health and Heredity, Mrs. A. N. Abbott, M. D., Supt. of Medical Temperance, Mrs. Ella A. Gleason, president of the Suffolk W. C. T. U. The large company present was indebted to Mrs. Elmer A. Stevens, the organizer of the Universalist church, who presided at the organ throughout the day; also, to Mrs. Grace Monroe Marshall, of Arlington, who gave much pleasure by her musical contributions. The convention closed shortly after four by the congregation singing "Blest be the tie that binds."

The convention was largely attended and was full of inspiration and help to all interested in the cause so ably sustained by this union of devoted women. The ladies of the local Union provided a delicious dinner for over two hundred visiting delegates, who did it full justice. Several of the older members who were prominent in the "militant days" of W. C. T. U. local work, were welcomed at this time, and Mrs. Henry L. Kidder, who organized the Local League, was present and spoke. Mrs. Warren A. Peirce had charge of the handsome decorations and Mrs. Henry W. Wells of the dinner, assisted by Mrs. J. A. Lindsay, Mrs. W. M. Peppard. The waitresses at dinner were Misses Alice Reed, Lillian Richardson, Alice Bushnell, Fannie Grato, Dorothy Rowe, Lillian Lindsay, Mildred Roden, Miss Peppard. The visitors said it was one of the finest conventions they had ever attended.

The subject for the third Travelogue to be given here this week by Burton Holmes, this Friday evening and Saturday afternoon, is "Sicily." Avoiding as much as possible the horrors of recent catastrophes in this beautiful island, Mr. Holmes by his beautiful colored lantern slides will present to his audiences the Sicily of beauty and scenic grandeur, the Sicily of romance and of architectural souvenirs of its former days of glory.

## News of the World.

Few readers of The Boston Journal realize how many great news-gathering associations are called upon to supply the news for the daily edition. The Journal has gradually enlarged its facilities for collecting the news until its corps of correspondents cover the world.

Everyone is eager for news from Washington, especially when Congress is in session, and The Journal has planned its Washington Bureau so as to have exclusive news from its own correspondents. The Washington news and "Capitol Chat" will be a daily feature of The Journal. The Journal has also contracted for the entire news service of the famous New York Sun, purchasing the rights to use all of the Sun's news of this country and its foreign cable news as well. With this service will be included the Sun's able articles on the financial and mining situations, and its literary articles which will prove of deep interest.

Besides these two notable features The Journal has the full service of The Associated Press and its widely-scattered corps of correspondents, also the great advantage of the other Munsey Newspapers, situated in Philadelphia, Washington and Baltimore, each handling news from its own vicinity, and distributing to its sister newspapers.

Adding to all these an able local staff, greatly enlarged, competent to handle political, athletic, social and financial affairs in its own vicinity, has made The Journal a paper second to none, the great home paper of New England.

**FOR SALE.** A Speed Sleigh with seats for two. Good as new. Also, practically new Double Runner Pump, at low price.  
EDWARD P. NICHOLS.  
15 Jan 22 Oak St. East Lexington.

## Marriages.

**WOODWORTH-IVESTER.**—In Arlington, Jan. 5, by Rev. York A. King, Walter S. Woodworth of Revere and Maude Ivester of Arlington.

**TAYLOR-THOMPSON.**—In Palmer, Mass., by Rev. J. G. Taylor of Arlington Heights, Henry Winthrop Taylor of Arlington and Grace Augusta Thompson of Palmer.

**SPOVILL-MCARTHUR.**—In Waltham, Jan. 12, by Rev. Charles H. Stackpole, Henry Spovill and Madge Jennette McArthur, both of Arlington.

**HESSELTINE-JUNKINS.**—In Somerville, Jan. 8, by Rev. Francis A. Gray, Ern. S. Hesseeltine of Watertown, and Emma G. Barker Junkins, of Arlington.

## Deaths.

**HUNTINGTON.**—In Lexington, Jan. 18, Della Frances Huntington, wife of Rev. C. W. Huntington, of Toledo, at the home of her brother, Edward P. Bliss of Lexington.

**CUTTER.**—In Arlington, Jan. 15, Susie A. wife of Edward H. Cutter, aged 50 years, 3 months.

**ADAMS.**—In Arlington, Jan. 14, Ann, widow of Wyman Adams, aged 86 years, 10 months.

**KINDRED.**—In Arlington, Jan. 13, Mary A. widow of John Kindred, aged 57 yrs. 3 months.

**GALARNEUX.**—In Arlington, Jan. 13, Charles J. Galarneux, aged 59 years.

**HOBBS.**—In Arlington, Jan. 16, Harriette E., widow of Jacob Hobbs, aged 82 yrs. 7 months.

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**WANTED.** A woman for relief work. Call at 40 Irving Street, Arlington. 22Jan10

**TO LET.** Apartment at 23 Wellington street, Arlington, and bath, all hard wood floors, modern conveniences, hot water heat. Apply to C. R. WHITALL, 473 Mass Ave. 22Jan10

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**NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN** that the subscriber has been duly appointed administratrix of the estate of Ella M. Briggs, late of Bedford, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon herself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

CHAS. M. BROWN, Adm.  
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December 22, 1909. 22Jan10

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Miss Bott will be at home Thursdays. 22Jan10

## VIOLIN TAUGHT.

Beginners carefully instructed. J. G. LEITCH,  
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**MORTGAGEE'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.**  
By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Camille Fairchild to the Merchants' Co-operative Bank, dated March 8th, 1909, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the County of Middlesex, Book of Deeds 3427, Page 551, will be sold at public auction on the premises hereinafter described, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage and for the purpose of enforcing the same, on Thursday, the third day of February, 1910, at 3:45 o'clock, in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described, together with all and singular certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon, situated on Waltham street, in Lexington, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, being Lot numbered two, in a "Plan of House Lots on Waltham street, Lexington, Mass., owned by Francis H. Holmes, et al., July 1885, Frank P. Cutter, C. E., recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 92, Page 9, bounded as follows:—North westerly by Waltham street, seventy-five feet; northeasterly by Lot numbered three on said plan, one hundred and fifty feet; southeasterly by land formerly of Howard Holmes, eighty feet; and southeasterly by Lot numbered one on said plan, one hundred and fifty feet. Containing 11 625 square feet of land.

Said premises will be sold subject to any and all unpaid taxes and assessments. For further particulars inquire of Frank M. Perry, 534 Old South Building, Boston. \$200 will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale. Balance in ten days from day of sale at 12 o'clock noon, at the said office of Frank M. Perry.

**MERCHANTS' CO-OPERATIVE BANK.** Present holder of said Mortgage, by Albert E. Duffill, treasurer.  
Boston, Dec. 29th, 1909. 22Jan10

**CIRCLE LODGE NO. 77 A. O. U. W.**  
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Lodge Meetings, 2nd and 4th Wednesdays every month.

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## Brief News Items.

Dropping the co-ed features is under discussion by the President and faculty of Tufts College.

The Storrow fight for Mayor of Boston cost Mr. Storrow \$103,250, according to schedules filed with the authorities.

The recent elections in Great Britain give assurance of an ample margin for the Liberal party in the next Parliament.

Two ocean liners encountered tidal waves on the trip across last week and received considerable damage to upper works.

Aliens are beating the U. S. immigration laws by shipping as sailors. Vessels bringing such help cannot be held liable.

The recount of votes cast in the city election of Boston last week did not materially change the result as declared on election night.

Only 34 out of the 117 licensed slaughter houses in this state escaped sharp criticism of methods in use, at the hands of State Board of Health.

Gov. Hughes, of New York, states that he will not again be a candidate for that office. He will return to his law practice at end of present term.

The country papers of Maryland formed a state Press Association last week. Mass. Press Ass'n was formed in 1869 and is stronger today than ever.

The governors of thirty states of the Union met in Washington this week by mutual agreement to discuss affairs in the several states and establish more intimate relations.

The gale of last Saturday drove the light-ship on Nantucket Shoals from her moorings, but the vessel was able to gain the port of New Bedford in spite of wind and wave.

The New England federation of Harvard clubs will hold its second convention Jan. 26, when alumni from all six states will be present. The Harvard club of Boston will act as hosts at a luncheon at the Parker House at 1 o'clock on that day.

Gen. Wm. F. Draper, elder brother of Gov. Draper, a gallant soldier in the war of the rebellion, is ill at his home in Washington, D. C., with smallpox contracted at his recovery. Gen. Draper has served in Congress, represented the U. S. Govt. as ambassador to Italy and been prominent in national affairs in other directions.

The Phillips Brooks bronze memorial, the work of the famous sculptor, Augustus St. Gaudens, will be unveiled at 3:30 o'clock this (Saturday) afternoon. It is now in position on the north side of Trinity Church. There will be services in the church at 2:30 p. m. The memorial will be presented to the corporation by Major Henry L. Higginson, and Rector Alexander Mann, D. D., will except it.

## Theatre Notes.

"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" at the Tremont Theatre has scored a big success. Crowded houses have been in evidence at every performance of this delightful, refreshing play. For the benefit of out of town theatre-goers the management has arranged for mail orders. When ordering seats state the price of seats desired and enclose a remittance. The seats will be reserved as nearly as possible to the required location. If you wish the seats returned to you, enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope, otherwise they will be held at the ticket office of the theatre until called for. All communications should be addressed to John B. Schoffel, manager of the Tremont Theatre. The success of the play is peculiarly gratifying to the management, as it indicates that the public appreciates pure and wholesome drama and that villains and fallen women are not necessary to the success of a play.

Shakespeare has proved so great a favorite at the Castle Square that Mr. Craig is to give his third production this season from the works of the great poet and dramatist. His first was "Hamlet," and its reception was cordial beyond all possible expectations, and the same is true of "The Taming of the Shrew." For next week he has selected "Othello," and that great tragedy will be played with all possible scenic splendor and with a cast that will give it the best of interpretations. "Othello" is in many ways the most human of all Shakespeare's plays. In "Othello" Mr. Craig will of course be seen in the great leading role of the Moor of Venice. It is a character that will call out all of Mr. Craig's powers and they will certainly not be found wanting. William Norton has been especially engaged for the part of Iago, and that Mary Young will make a pretty and an effective Desdemona without question. Mr. Meek will appear as Roderigo, Mr. Miles Colcord, Miss Binley, Mr. Hassell, Mr. Roberts, Bert Young, Wilfred Young will also have important roles.

The Boston Theatre attraction for the week beginning the 24th instant is "The Girl from Boxton," a play which created a sensation in New York and played continuously for seven months at one theatre. It carried off all honors as the season's most diverting entertainment and delighted thousands with its comical situations. The splendid cast had a great deal to do with the phenomenal success of the piece, which the Managers Charles Frohman and William Harris will bring to the Boston Theatre entire. Among the best known of the actors are Elita Proctor Otis, Nena Blake, Gertrude Millington, Nella Webb, George Anderson, Edward Heron and Charles Eldridge. Such a cast as this ought to be able to make a notable success of even mediocre work by an amateur playwright, but in this instance the piece will be found to give the audience abundant opportunity for excellent character work and many chances for the provocation of hearty laughter. "The Girl from Boxton" is declared to be a great creator of merriment. The usual matinees will be given on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

In presenting Williams' Imperials to his patrons at the Columbia Theatre next Monday afternoon and evening, Manager Farren is confident that he is offering an entertainment that has not been surpassed at his popular theatre this season; one that will mightily please everybody in search of a light, merry show, feminine loveliness in abundance, spectacular beauty in the way of scenery and costumes, novelties of all sorts, witty lines, and comical episodes. In short a swift constantly interesting show from rise to fall of curtain.

It is a long time since there has been anything in vaudeville that has aroused such interest as Lois Fuller's "Ballet of Light," now being presented at Keith's theatre. Nothing has more clearly demonstrated the strides made in vaudeville than the fact that this mammoth production, which has been one of the sensations of the grand opera seasons at both the Metropolitan opera house in New York and the Boston opera house, could be given with the full effects as a part of one of Mr. Keith's vaudeville shows. That he is fully justified in going to extremes in the matter has been demonstrated by the remarkable business for the past week, the house being sold out at every performance and the continuation of the engagement being decided upon within a short notice. Aside from this strong feature, Irene Franklin, who is now at the head of the vaudeville profession, would be enough to draw tremendous business to the house. Miss Franklin this season is appearing with an entirely new repertoire of songs. But Green, the composer, still presides at the piano. Another big feature will be the Grigolatti flying ballet, for several seasons the feature of the New York hippodrome. Still others are Wornwood's monkeys; Hawaiian Sopotito; Mullen and Corelli; Barry and Wolford; Billy Van; and the Casting Dunbars.

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VERY BEST TURKEY BREAD, 5 Cents

HOME MADE MINCE PIES, 25 Cents

FRESH COCOANUT CAKES, 5 Cts. Dozen

Heavy Cream, jar, 12 cts. Milk, 7 cts. Quart.

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## EAST LEXINGTON LOCALS.

Miss Abbie Fletcher recently enjoyed a visit at her sister's in Springfield, Mass.

The magician's wand, with the January thaw, may unearth the street letter boxes. Let us hope!

Last week on Friday, there was no session in the afternoon, owing to the storm, at Adams school.

Jan. 24th, 1910, will be a red letter day in the calendar of Lexington of to-day, if Jack Frost does his part.

At time of writing it is not known who will lead the Guild meeting next Sunday evening, but there will certainly be a meeting, Jan. 23.

Miss Pearl E. Wright enjoys her musical work among the children at the centre kindergarten, and quite a number attend from this village.

Mrs. Gorham Buttrick has enjoyed a long and pleasant visit with her son, Mr. Clifford Buttrick and family, who reside in one of the suburbs of Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard G. Tower and children will join Madam Tower and Miss Ellen M. Tower at their winter home at Thomasville, Ga., some time in January.

Mr. Peter Gillooly's many friends here feel confident that he will be an efficient and obliging caretaker at the Town Hall, at the centre, and fill the place most acceptably.

If we are informed aright, the "Hill and Hollow Club," was to meet at Mr. MacFarland's, on Independence avenue, last week with the usual game of whist and refreshments.

Many from here heard from Rev. Mr. and Mrs. MacDonald, at Chicago, as they were delayed there two or more days and could not arrive at Hood River when they had expected.

We hear that the "Brick store" is to be closed every evening at 6 p. m., except Saturday, when it closes at 9.30 p. m., on and after January 17. The other store closes at 8 p. m. every evening and Saturday at 9.30 p. m.

April 19th, 1910, will merge the noted 19th of '75 with the present,—a looking backward, reverently, when the shot was fired whose echo is heard to-day in our free country, and a real photograph of living pictures of new Lexington of 1910.

Follen Alliance will hold a whist party next week on Wednesday evening, Jan. 26th, at eight o'clock, in Emerson Hall. Refreshments will be served. The proceeds will go for the church work and it is hoped there will be a large number to fill the tables.

The Reading Circle met on Wednesday evening of this week, with the Misses Fiske, and Miss Mary Grant, from the centre, was the leader. Her subject was, "Strafford on the Avon, Warwick and Kenilworth," and she told and read much of interest of these noted historic places.

At the Reading Circle, at Mrs. M. A. Page's, last week, Miss Abbie Fletcher sang an English ballad and Mr. Charles Spaulding and Miss Gertrude Pierce gave a vocal duet—"Evening Bells," which added much to the pleasure of "Oxford, England," description of old days and also of the present.

The old settlers of Lexington sadly miss, with the advent of snow and cold sleighing, the many sleighing parties in barges like the Cleopatra, with finely caparisoned horses, which used to make our village street so merry on moonlight evenings, and were so finely entertained at "Bigelow's" and "Cutler's."

Mr. Charles Brown writes from Durrant, Miss., that it is the coldest winter that he has ever experienced there. They have had the mercury fall lower before, but the cold here lasted only a few days, but now it has been cold since Dec. 6th. The snow remained only a few days but the ground was frozen when he wrote.

A dweller on Fern street on the hill informs us that they are charmed with the birds which frequent the hill and pine grove in the rear of their home. They throw out food which the birds enjoy so much. A blue jay was added to the company last week. They are very intelligent and all but talk their gratitude for their food supplies.

The storm on last Friday evening prevented the Colonial Orchestra from holding its character party, as only twelve were present and they only enjoyed a little fun, and postponed the dance until this week on Friday evening, Jan. 21, at Village Hall. Remember and dress in costume, as many as can, and there will be more fun for all.

Mr. Wilson, of Clinton, preached at Follen church last Sabbath. His text was Luke 2: 22d verse, and the subject: "Being in the spirit." He said we should be in the spirit in whatever we do and reverent in church; that we couldn't enjoy anything heartily unless our spirit sanctified the action. His thought was that the only way to receive any good is to enter into it with our whole soul.

The Floating Hospital is one of the noblest charities of New England and one in which all nationalities and sects are interested. It is a saving grace for the little ones and a balm of Gilead for the worn out mothers. The carnival will blend the out-door sports of winter with the golden thread of sweet charity. Love for the little children, whom Christ took in his arms and blessed, is one of the sweetest things of the human heart.

On Sunday evening, as Mr. Wilson, of Clinton, did not stay in the evening, and no special preparation had been made by the Guild, Mrs. Hattie M. Page very kindly led the meeting. She read one of the good sermons of Rev. Wm. Gannett, who at one time preached in Follen church. The subject was, "A cup of cold water," and the sermon was full of sweet spiritual thoughts, as well as practical advice. There was the usual singing and it proved a good meeting.

We enjoyed reading, this week, a copy of "The Star and Herald," published in Panama, bearing date of Dec. 1st, and were particularly interested in an article headed, "Hints on cocoanut cultivation," which says the following article, contributed by an American writer, on the Canal Zone, is worthy the perusal of all interested in the matter it treats of. The article is long so we will only give the opening clause: "We Americans living along the zone and daily seeing the cocoanut tree, enjoying its beauty and gracefulness as a palm and its delicious fruit, do not quite fully realize its possibilities as an investment. After the canal is finished there will be many who would like to stay in this climate. Panama agriculturally is a gold mine awaiting a discover-

er. With land in Panama to be had almost for the asking, I would advise the young men to seriously think of getting a tract of suitable land and planting cocoanuts." Our readers (as well as ourselves), though no signature is printed with the article, are at liberty to guess who may have written the piece.

Contributors to this column, when they find it too late to communicate with Miss Brigham, may telephone the central office of the MINUTE-MAN at 141 Arlington, or mail matter directed there. The editors will consider it a personal favor if communications are sent Miss Brigham as early as possible. She has served this community, how faithfully few realize, for many years, and is deserving every consideration we can pay her. We especially request that our younger people will see how they can lend a hand, to making the MINUTE-MAN more interesting.—[Editors.]

The Men's Club meeting occurred at Follen vestry, Monday evening, Jan. 17. In a former paper we gave the names of the supper committee, with Mr. Bartlett J. Harrington as chairman. In the absence of the president and vice-president, the secretary, Mr. Harold Needham, called the meeting to order and called upon Capt. Chas. G. Kauffmann to conduct the business of the evening. The menu of the supper consisted of oyster stew, cold meats, potato salad and frozen pudding, and was excellent. Mr. Wm. B. Foster entertained the company with the graphophone, which was appreciated and a change. It was a pleasant evening and enjoyed by the members.

## ARLINGTON HEIGHTS LOCALS.

—The Friday Social Club is meeting to-day, Jan. 21st, with Mrs. George T. Williams, 23 Oakland avenue.

—Mrs. Harry H. Stinson is entertaining her sister, Mrs. Simonds of Concord, N. H., at her home at 18 Cliff street, for two weeks.

—The Fortnightly Bridge Club will hold its next meeting at 16 Cliff street, when Mrs. Frederick Curry and Miss Mayzie Simpson will be the hostesses.

—Next Tuesday evening there will be a social at Park Ave. church. It is to be held under the auspices of the Friday Social Club, but its gentlemen friends are to furnish the entertainment.

—Beginning with Sunday evening, Rev. F. B. Taylor, pastor of Baptist church, will hold a series of revivalistic meetings to continue through two weeks. The pastors of local churches are to assist at these meetings.

—The ladies of the Baptist church will hold an "Experience Sociable" at the church, next Wednesday evening, at quarter of eight. It will be interesting to learn the various experiences by which the dollar was earned which will be contributed at this time for the church building fund.

—Six of the Dorothea Dix children, now known as "The Children's Theatre Company," are enjoying an educational cruise on the White Star Line S. S. "Arabia." They will visit Madeira, Spain, Gibraltar, Algiers, Malta, Greece, Turkey, Smyrna, Jerusalem, Egypt, Sicily, Italy, France, England and Ireland. Little Miss Vera Morrison, as noted last week, and who resides at 88 Westminster avenue, was selected to be one of the six.

—The Men's Class of Arlington Heights Baptist church is to give a supper and entertainment in the church, next Tuesday evening. They have secured a quartette from the Newton Theological Seminary to sing, also violinist. It is the first time the church has been used for some time. The repairs are still in progress on the church and will be for some time to come, but are now at just such a point that the building can be occupied for the time being.

—Through the efforts of Rev. F. B. Taylor, a Men's Club was formed at the Heights on Monday evening of this week. The meeting for organization was held at the Methodist church, but it is the intention that the club shall be unsectarian and is open to all who may care to join. The club organized with twenty-five charter members, which certainly gives it a fine send-off. Mr. A. W. Russell was chosen president, while the vice-presidents are Messrs. E. W. Smith, F. J. Harling, P. P. Doane, Henry K. Brown, Mr. Geo. Bacon is secretary and Mr. Allen Giffin, treasurer. Hot coffee and cake were served.

—Mr. James H. Colprit, of 31 Crescent Hill avenue, had six entries in the Boston Poultry Show, held in Mechanics Building, last week. Each of his entries took a prize. This is breaking the record, although it is a fact that Mr. Colprit has taken first prize on the exhibit of eggs, every year, with but one exception, since the first show was held in 1896. At the exhibit last week he was awarded first prize for the best three dozen darkest brown eggs; also, first prize for the best dozen eggs of any pure bred variety of fowl; third prize on brown varieties; first prize on best pullet, third on cock bird, and fourth prize on hen. Our friend Colprit is a paper hanger by trade, but it is apparent he is a poultryer by profession.

—The annual meeting of Park Avenue church Sunday school was held Tuesday evening, Jan. 18, the superintendent, H. S. Snow, presiding. The reports showed the school in a flourishing condition, with a very hopeful outlook. The following officers were chosen:—

Assistant superintendent, Edward W. Nicoll; superintendent of primary department, Mrs. John G. Taylor; secretary, George F. Bacon; treasurer, Miss Ethel Ober; pianist of main school, Amerigo Chaves; pianist of primary school, Miss Alice Kendall; auditor, Joseph Morrison.

The superintendent re-appointed the present teachers; a permanent social committee was chosen, and the superintendent expects to introduce special features into the work of the school this year.

—Several matters of deep interest and importance were presented by the pastor, Rev. J. G. Taylor, at the annual meeting of Park Avenue church last week. The first was the recommendation of the appointment of a committee of eight to arrange for the observance of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the religious movement at the Heights represented by the church, which will occur March 31, 1910; also, that the church and music committees be a joint committee to secure a new hymn book, if deemed advisable by them at the present time. After the pastor presented the apportionment plan for church benevolences, the church voted to approve the plan, and instructed the church committee to carry it out as far as possible. Mr. A. N. Ward called attention to the desirableness of individual

communion cups, and on motion the matter was referred to the church committee with instruction to secure a communion set of cups, if possible. In response to a request from the standing committee, arrangement was made to secure money to paint the church and make any other needed repairs. The most far reaching and significant action of the meeting was contained in the following resolution presented by Mr. Holmes: "Moved that Park Avenue Congregational church assume self-support from March 31, 1910, this being the date when the grant of aid from the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society expires." The outlook for the church was never so bright as now, and its future for large usefulness is assured.

—A group of friends interested in bridge met with Mrs. Edward Byram at her home, on Oakland avenue, Monday afternoon, and formed a club for the purpose of meeting fortnightly for a social afternoon with each other at the card tables. Some matters of business were transacted the first of the afternoon, with Miss Mayzie Simpson acting as moderator. Each meeting is to have two hostesses hereafter and are arranged to carry the club through the present season. There were four tables at bridge Monday afternoon. The hostess, at the close of the playing, invited the ladies into the dining room where she had provided a delightful surprise in more ways than one. In the first place the room was a dream of beauty with an artistic arrangement of pink and white hearts suspended from the ceiling. From their midst and directly over the table was hung a white bell from which was attached "rings" of pink ribbons extending to the place at table of each lady. All the refreshments, including the ices, cake and candy, were in the pink and white, which further emphasized the color scheme. When it came time to test the ribbons it was found that the bell was heralding a wedding. At the end of each pink streamer was a daintily painted card announcing the engagement of Miss Edith M. Kendall to Mr. Clarence Gale, the latter of Boston, but has met many of Miss Kendall's friends with whom he is well acquainted and whose genial manner has made him more than usually popular. Miss Kendall has always resided here and has numerous friends to offer the warmest congratulations, while she became yet more widely known throughout the town while filling the office of recording secretary of Arlington Woman's Club.

Subscription Dance. The society event of the season in which the largest number of people of the Heights was interested, was a dance given in Crescent Hall, Saturday evening, Jan. 15. It was given under the management of a group of popular young men who made the evening a success in every department. They were Messrs. Wm. E. Bunton, Herbert L. Converse, Clarence G. Parsons and Oscar A. Schnetzer, who acted as ushers as well as floor directors. Some thirty-seven couples were present, chiefly from the Heights, with a few visiting friends of our residents from other places. The hall presented a bright and cheery appearance, decorated with evergreens and scarlet streamers, while there were gay Jap lanterns to add to the warm yet subdued light of the hall. The retiring room was done in red and was a most inviting place to linger in. Frappe was served throughout the evening.

The party was in triumph by Mrs. I. T. Hunt, Mrs. G. R. Dwyer, Mrs. G. C. Tewksbury. They made a handsome trio in becoming reception costumes. Mrs. Hunt was in a princess white silk and wore diamonds; Mrs. Dwyer wore black moire, with touches of white lace and black net, her jewelry being handsome cameos; Mrs. Tewksbury was in black lace, with touches of coral in the trimming, the costume being set off with diamond ornaments.

The music by Hancock's orchestra was unusually acceptable. This consisted of piano, cello and violin, the players being from Cambridge. It was one of those agreeable assemblies where every one seemed to contribute their share to the evening's enjoyment in one way or another. The dancing was general and all entered into the spirit of the dance. Some very pretty dresses were worn. One of the pretty girls of the Heights was in a pale pink messaline, very simply made, but both the girl and the dress suited each other perfectly. A pink accordion played frock was decidedly pretty, while a light blue silk with lace inserts, a blue chiffon, and some lingerie dresses were noticeable. A young matron on the hill looked exceedingly well in a full toilette of black, while another young matron from Winchester looked very sweet in white messaline. There is no use, even if it were possible, to enumerate all the dresses, but the few we have named will illustrate that it was a party marked by handsome and tasteful dressing. Those present were as follows:—

Misses Catherine Ward, Katherine Hunt, Marjorie Cutting, Alice L. Kendall, Edith Kendall, Mildred Bloom, Hyde Park, Clara Livingston, Nan Hodgdon, Ella Burdett, Orna Dolloff, Elouise Hunt, Vina Bunton, Shirley Robinson, O'Kane, Ruth Richards, Cambridge, Frances Wilson, Somerville, Mrs. Frederick A. Curry, Mrs. L. M. Cain, Dorchester, Messrs. Sidney Whipple, Lowell, Samuel Cutting, Trueman L. Quimby, Clarence Gale, Boston, John Dobson, Irving Lannan, Wellington, Hodgdon, Stanley Forbes, E. Winfield Perley, Albert Curry, Melrose, F. Alfred Patterson, Arthur Ward, Benj. B. Converse, Herbert Kendall, Edward Wright, Somerville, Clarence G. Parsons, Herbert L. Converse, Wm. E. Bunton, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar A. Schnetzer, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Chickering, Mr. and Mrs. True Worthing White, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Livingstone, Winchester, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Sherman, Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Garrett, Mr. and Mrs. H. I. Tinkham, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Stinson, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Cathcart, Mr. and Mrs. J. Herbert Mead, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. M. Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Dix, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Taylor, Dr. and Mrs. R. H. Meikel.

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How much money do you spend in twelve months for car fare, in shopping or delivering messages that you could send by telephone if you had one?

How much time and nerve force do you so lose?

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## COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

PROBATE COURT.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of FREDERICK W. TURNER, late of Lexington, in said County, deceased, intestate.

Whereas a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Edward O. Merrill, of Malden, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-fourth day of January, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice of the said petition by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Lexington MINUTE-MAN, a newspaper published in Lexington, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this third day of January, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

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### Careless About His Money.

Professor Lombroso, the famous Italian criminologist, was extremely willful, and, although he asked advice of his family in everything, he always acted contrary to it. When advised to put on dress clothes, for instance, he donned a lounge suit. His indifference to money was proverbial. When he went out he usually put banknotes in the same pocket with his handkerchief, and when he drew it out the notes were frequently lost. Having on several occasions found himself without money through this habit, the professor used to put banknotes in all his pockets, so that if the contents of one were lost he—and his pet criminals—would have a reserve fund to draw upon.

### Grazed in the Fog.

It is not usual for a ship on the high seas to elect to cast anchor on the deck of a passing steamer, but that is what a four masted schooner did once in the Atlantic. The two vessels grazed in the fog, and the "catted" port anchor of the schooner caught in the steamer's deck "by a fluke." It fastened to an engineer's stateroom in such a manner as to bar his exit, but fortunately the chain parted just as the room was being ripped into fragments. The schooner followed the steamer to its destination to recover her anchor.

### Dexterous Eating.

In the island of Jamaica, the land of hurricanes and earthquakes, the native women do almost all the work, even to plowing in the fields and working on the government roads, and this keeps them more or less busy. They also have a peculiar custom when eating. In order not to waste valuable time these dark members of the gentler sex have adopted an ingenious method. They place a plate containing their food, be it hot boiled rice or rabbit stew, on their heads, and, thus balancing the dish, they walk about the yards of their homes, reaching up a hand when they wish to take food from the plate and going about their regular work. Yet they never spill anything.

### Luminous Mushrooms.

A traveler in Australia found a very large mushroom weighing five pounds. He took it to the house in which he was for the time being residing and hung it up to dry in the sitting room. Entering after dark, he was amazed to see a beautiful soft light emanating from the fungus. It continued to give out light for many nights, gradually decreasing until it was wholly dry. Many kinds of fungi have this peculiarity. Humboldt describes some he saw in the mines. The glow in rotten wood is caused by its containing the threads of light giving fungi.

### Electioneering and Drink.

Liquor formed a very serious item of old time election expenses in England. For an election dinner in Forfarshire in 1830 the Hon. S. Wortley paid: Ginger beer, 6s.; brandy, 20s.; champagne, £20; claret, £21; gin, 20s.; ale, 10s.; brandy toddy, £2; gin toddy, £1; dinner, £4 10s.; madder, £17 10s.; total, £69 2s. From July 21 to Sept. 15 his bill from the same landlord amounted to £308 5s. 10d., every item with the exception of that £4 10s. for dinner and £4 7s. 6d. for suppers being for liquor.—London Chronicle.

### Gold.

The specific gravity of gold is 19.30—that is, it weighs nineteen and a half times as much as its own bulk of water. The ductility and malleability of this metal are equalled by no other. By ductility is meant the property of allowing itself to be drawn out into a wire and by malleability its property of flattening without splitting under the hammer.

### Well Posted.

"Excuse me, ma'am," said the book canvasser to the lady who had opened the door in answer to his ring, "but if you have a few moments to spare I'd like to show you the great work on the 'Habits of Savage Animals.'"

"No use wasting your time, young man," replied the lady. "I've been married three times and know all about their habits."

### Pinkies All Round.

She—My new gown is just lovely. It's a perfect fit. He—Satisfied on that point, eh? She—Yes; I know it's a good fit because it pinches me so. He—Well, it doesn't pinch you half as much as it does my pocketbook.—Catholic Standard and Times.

### Balanced.

"Of course," said the very talkative person on the back platform, "no man ever is a hero to his valet."

"And what is much more to the purpose," said the sour faced individual in the doorway, "no woman ever was a saint to her hired girl."—Exchange.

### Ceilings and Ventilation.

Rooms with low ceilings or with ceilings even with the window tops are susceptible of more perfect ventilation than those with high ceilings. In such rooms the leakage at the windows, which is constantly going on, keeps the air in motion throughout the room, whereas if the ceiling is higher only the lower part of the air is moved, and an inverted lake of foul and hot air is left floating in the space above the window tops. This lake, under the law of diffusion of gases, keeps actively at work, fanning the fresh currents circulating beneath it.

### He Did Know, Though.

Hoax—Don't you think it's outrageous the price these milliners charge for hats? Joax—Oh, I don't know. Hoax—You don't know, eh? It's very evident you are not a married man. Joax—Wrong. I married a milliner.—Philadelphia Times.

### Etiquette in China.

There is an academy of manners in China which regulates etiquette throughout the empire.

## The Governor's Pardon

Story of a Man Who Showed Himself Brave and True.

By AGNES G. BROGAN.

Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.

The snow had been falling steadily for three days, and the long, low house at the edge of the woods was almost buried from sight.

A tall young man wearing a fur lined overcoat was busily engaged in removing heavy drifts from the wide verandas and in tunneling a pathway to the door. A great St. Bernard dog watched the performance with dignified approval.

It was a strange house to be placed alone in all this vast expanse of snowy landscape, built of logs, yet with white pillars supporting the veranda and over the doorway a rustic sign bearing the words, "The Bungalow." Behind the house, also built of logs, was a garage or small stable.

The man stopped his labor to pat the dog's head. "No walk for us today, old man," he said. "We must content ourselves with rereading the day before yesterday's paper."

The dog followed his master into the house, one long room of which reached from end to end. The man threw more logs into the fireplace and as the day grew darker lit a great lamp and glanced again at the discarded paper as though longing for the sound of a human voice. He read aloud, and the dog flapped his tail understandingly.

"Here is a society not a Lad. I. We can't get away from society, you see, though we live in snowy solitude: 'Miss Antoinette Marion Drew has left town for two or three weeks' rest. Upon her return invitations will be issued for her marriage to Governor James P. White.' And, after the strenuous work of landing Governor White, Laddie, no doubt Miss Drew, whoever she may be, deserves a rest."

The man yawned and cast the paper from him.

A loud knocking echoed through the house. He hesitated a moment, then, frowning, opened the door. A girl stood before him in the lamplight, a girl with white face peeping out from the scarlet hood of her cloak.

"May I come in?" she asked. "We have lost our way, and it is so very cold."

"Certainly," the man responded; "come in at once. You said 'we.'"

"My horse," the girl explained. "Have you any place to put poor Billy until we are warmed and rested?"

"If you will step in," the man said, "I will attend to the horse presently."

The girl seated herself before the fire as he drew on his overcoat and lighted a lantern. "Fortunately there are a stable and some fodder," he said, "and if Billy does not object to a stale meal we may make him fairly comfortable."

The girl removed her cloak and settled back into the leather chair with a sigh of comfort as the cheering warmth brought the rose color flooding back to cheeks and lips.

She told him that she was staying with Aunt Martha and Uncle Ben down near the village. He remembered the old red farmhouse which she described and offered to drive her safely there when the storm had abated, but the wind rattled the windows and shook the house to its very foundation, and later when he had forced the horse and sleigh to the roadway he staggered back blindly through the pelting ice to the house.

"You can't go," he told the girl, who stood ready in her scarlet cloak. "It would be impossible tonight. There is just one thing to be done—you must stay here with Laddie, who will guard you well, while the horse and I will try to find our way to the farmhouse to assure your people of your safety. If I should not return until morning you must not be alarmed. You must keep warm, and, above all things, do not let the fire die out." He turned to look at her as she still sat silent. "I am sorry that you must do this," he added, "sorry to leave you alone."

The girl came and stood looking up at him. "You must not think of me," she said. "Is it safe for you to go?"

"Quite safe," he answered smilingly. Impulsively the girl put forth her hand, and the man clasped it. "Good night," she said. "We will be anxiously waiting for you, Laddie and I."

"I have been examining the doors and windows," the girl replied, "and am afraid it means that we are snowed in."

When the morning dawned he returned from a fruitless search. He slept till 9 o'clock and, noticing that the house was dark, asked the girl what it meant.

The man hurried about the house, looking in vain for a glimmer of light from the outside. Presently he came back to her. "I am afraid it is true," he said. "You wonderful girl, do you take all your misfortunes so happily?"

The girl laughed merrily. "You cannot tell this successfully, but I am very sure that Aunt Martha will not worry. It isn't her nature. She will know I have 'fetched up' somewhere."

Early in the afternoon they sat, one on either side of the fireplace, the dog's shaggy length stretched at the girl's feet, while the man read aloud. Presently, feeling the concentration of her eyes upon him, he looked up from the book.

"John Ryder," said the girl suddenly, "why did you come here?"

The man started visibly, and his face

paled. "So," he said, "you know my name?"

She lifted a book from the reading table and, opening it, held it out to him in the lamplight. Upon the fly-leaf was inscribed, "To John Ryder, From His Mother." The man's face hardened, then he said: "You must have heard the whole miserable story. It has been well advertised throughout the country."

The girl leaned forward. "Will you let me tell you all that I have heard?" she asked gently. He made an impatient gesture of dissent.

"It will be better for you," the girl urged, "to talk it over. Bearing so much alone has made you morbid."

"As you will," said the man and buried his face in his hands.

"I remember the day"—his voice was tender with sympathy—"that the news-boys were calling, 'Extra' along the streets and I stopped to buy a paper with its glaring headlines, 'John Ryder Absconded.' I had heard about his extravagant entertainments, his generous gifts to charity. Now I read of widows and orphans left destitute, of homes destroyed because of his dishonesty. Then, while the world was still talking of his great crime, another extra was called—'John Ryder Dead.'"

As I read the sad story tears filled my eyes, for he was returning home, returning old and broken after one week to give himself up to the authorities, when they found him. But he never reached the prison walls. Heart disease, the papers said, though it seemed to me that, realizing the enormity of his crime and sorrowing for it, he had died. Then I read of the son left to bear the shock and disgrace. They had blamed him, too—the papers—with sharp, stinging words, hinting that, as associated closely with his father in business affairs, he must have known that the money which provided him with every luxury was not honestly earned. Oh, I was glad when he showed himself true and longed to go to this second John Ryder to tell him how splendid he was, for he gave up everything—the independent fortune which his mother had left her son, his automobiles, not even withholding the beautiful horse which had been his pet and pride. Then, penniless and quite alone, he disappeared."

"John Ryder," asked the girl again, "why did you come here?"

The man raised his face. "It was the cowardly instinct, I suppose," he said bitterly. "The fight was too strong for me, so I deserted. My mother loved this little place, and I could not let it go, so it was here we came to hide away from them all, Laddie and I."

"You a deserter," cried the girl, and her eyes were gleaming—"the bravest man that I have ever known! Shall I tell you why you came here to be alone for a time? It was that you might gather your forces together and then, going back into the very midst of the fight, show them, not what a John Ryder has been, but what a John Ryder can be."

The man's eyes seemed to have caught fire from hers. "I could do all that and more," he cried. "If you were waiting for me at the end?" The girl's face was very white. "Forgive me," said the man huskily—"forgive me if you can. I have been quite carried away." There was a long silence before the girl spoke.

"You have also heard my name," she said. "I am Antoinette Drew, the promised wife of the governor."

"You!" cried the man incredulously as he looked at the girl's face in its frame of curling hair.

"He was my father's friend," she explained, "and held me upon his knee as a child. It was mother, I think, who made him realize that he wanted me for his wife. We have been taught, my sisters and I, that to achieve prominence and wealth leaves nothing to be desired, and we have done credit to our teaching. Out here in the great white world I have been thinking things over, wondering if I dare be true. I, too, have a battle before me, and I am going to play the game fair. I am going back to brave my father's anger and my mother's displeasure—to tell the governor all and ask pardon for the great wrong done him. I am glad," she added softly, "that my decision had been made before I knocked at your door, else I might question my own motive today."

The man leaned forward. "If he holds you to your promise," he asked tensely, "what then?"

The girl sighed. "I shall at least have been honest."

"And if he releases you?"

With a rush and a slide a great weight of snow came thundering down from the roof. "John Ryder," cried the girl unsteadily, "our furlough is over. Get out your shovel and set me free."

For days he haunted the little post-office. His last memory of her had been as she stood upon the platform of the train that was carrying her away. Just as the car turned the curve she drew herself erect and made a stiff little military salute. There had been a smile upon her lips and tears in her eyes. The picture came back to him this morning as the post-master handed out a businesslike looking envelope and then a small square one. He hurried into the sparkling world to be alone.

"It has come, Laddie," he said to the dog; "it has come at last." For a moment he feared to break the seal, then stood still as the full significance of her message came to him. "The governor has granted our pardon," he read.

The man went running up the shining roadway, the great dog leaping and barking joyously at his side. When they had gone some distance he remembered the other envelope and tore it open. It was an offer of a position of great trust and was signed by the governor.

### A Welcome Visitor.

Prospectors in Alaska who spend the long winters up there sometimes are incredibly lonely, says the Saturday Evening Post. A man named Hartford was left in charge of a mine one winter. He was all alone and at the end of the third month was sighing for companionship. One morning he left his cabin to get some wood and met an enormous black bear that reared on its hind legs and stretched out its front paws as if to hug the miner. "Good morning, bear," said the miner, holding out his hand. "I'm darned glad to see you."

### Monument to a Pig.

No stranger monument ever existed than that which was erected at the Hotel de Ville by the inhabitants of Luneburg, in Hanover, in honor of a pig. This, which took the form of a kind of mausoleum, contained a large glass case in which was hermetically enclosed a fine ham cut from the animal whose memory was to be handed down to posterity. Above was a handsome slab of marble on which, engraved in letters of gold, was the following inscription in Latin: "Passers-by, contemplate here the mortal remains of the pig which acquired for itself imperishable glory by the discovery of the salt springs of Luneburg."

### Masked Musicians.

The Shikibu-chi players of Japan are a different class of itinerant musicians. Their instrument, a kind of reed oboe, enjoys what is perhaps a unique distinction, it having been adopted as a unit of measurement, a sixth of a sen, or about two feet. A peculiar headress, something like an immense peach basket hat, serves as a cool variety of mask, permitting the wearer to see without being seen—a decided advantage to such people as have come down in the world and are undesirous of publicity. It also serves as a further distinctive feature of this class of musician to those who do not read the descriptive matter which is hung in front of each player.—Wide World Magazine.

### A Beaver's Toilet.

It is an interesting sight to watch a beaver at his evening toilet. To begin with, instead of sitting up with his large, flat, ribbed tail protruding behind him, he tucked it forward between his hind legs and sat upon it. Then with his hand he carefully combed his long hair, using both hands at the same time. There were many places, however, that could not be reached in this way, for his arms are very short and his body very large, so he combed these otherwise inaccessible places with his hind feet, using first one and then the other. The entire operation was performed with the utmost deliberation and care and occupied more than a quarter of an hour.

### The Balm That Failed.

"No, I don't go to church very often," the young man declared to the girl whom he had accompanied to a house of worship Sunday evening, "but when I do go I make up for my absence by slipping a five dollar gold piece in the offering."

"I don't think I have been to church in six months, so that sort of squares me," he whispered when he dropped a coin about the size of the five dollar piece in the box as the usher passed it.

At the close of the service the minister arose and announced, "The collection for foreign missions this evening amounted to \$3.26."

The young man didn't have much to say on the homeward walk.—Philadelphia Ledger.

### The Appian Way.

The famous Appian way was constructed by digging two parallel trenches, three feet in depth, at the bottom of which were placed two layers of flat stones in mortar, upon which a layer of cobblestones was placed, also laid in mortar. Then came a course of pebbles in concrete, over which were placed large, flat blocks of smooth lava well joined together, forming an even, uniform surface. It was primarily a military road and extended from Rome to Brundisium, a distance of 350 miles. So perfect was the construction of this celebrated road that it still exists in places as good as ever, notwithstanding it was made more than twenty centuries ago.—New York American.

### Made Good Matches.

She—I can't make out how it is that Mrs. Wise has fish for nearly every meal. It can't be for economy's sake, for she must be fairly well off.

He—She has a large family of unmarried daughters, you know.

She—Now, don't be nasty and say something about girls and their brains. That's so old.

He—Oh, no, I hadn't the slightest intention of doing so.

She—Well, can't you tell me?

He—I don't know, I'm sure, unless it's because fish are rich in phosphorus.

She—I don't see what that has to do with it.

He—Perhaps not, but still it's good for making matches.

### The Arctic Summer.

The arctic summer is brief, but for weeks together there is nothing to distinguish day and night. Once at Dvornik two naturalists had left their ship at different hours. When later they met one said, "Good morning," the other, "Good evening." Both agreed that the hour was 7, but while one traveler held that it was 7 tomorrow morning the other maintained that it was 7 o'clock last night. On returning to the ship they settled that it was last night, so they dined and went to bed again.

### Tea Plants.

Seven-year-old tea plants yield four ounces of leaves apiece, or 700 pounds of tea to the acre.

## The Redemption of Tramp Kelly.

A Lesson That Was Taught by His Brother in Misery.

By WILLIAM ALFRED COREY

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Milwaukee Red had just rolled out of a box car, having arrived on a night freight from Seattle, and was thumping back doors for breakfast.

With one foot very conspicuously bound up in rags, an arm in a sling and an expression of countenance to correspond, he had applied at several doors without success when at the door of a poor little shack in a side street a woman with a foreign accent bade him enter.

"Holy smoke!" thought Milwaukee Red. "Is me power house workin' right? A warm set down already. Dat's sure goin' some. Dat beats de cold handouts a mile. Now, jes' watch little Willie punish de grub!" And he hesitated not the fraction of a second; but, with a cheerful willingness born of a two days' fast, he followed the woman into the house.

But Red's bright vision of a table loaded with savory dishes only lasted until he got inside the door. The table was there all right, but in place of the smoking breakfast that Red's hungry imagination had conjured up there were only some fragments of loaves of black bread and a pitcher of water, while seated about the table were four half-starved children.

The woman explained to Red that they were themselves nearly starving, that she was a widow and that a grown son, her sole support, had wandered off months since in search of employment, but that she never turned a hungry man away unfed at least with such as she had and ended by bidding him sit up to their frugal board.

But Red did not move. He stood in the middle of the floor and stared at them hypnotized. He stared at the partly eaten pieces of dry bread, at the famished looking children, at the pale faced woman and at the room in general, wherein want was written everywhere. He stared for a full minute, and then, without a word, he turned and strode out of the room. And the woman noticed that he did not limp as he went out as he had done when he came in.

Outside, Red made for the nearest alley, divested himself of his "make-up," stored the bandages in a bundle for future use and started uptown. An inspiration had come to Mr. Red of Milwaukee.

He had been in Frisco many times before, and he knew the ropes at a certain cheap eating place south of Market street. Once in a moment of weakness he had accepted a position in the place for a few days washing dishes.

Red went boldly into a meat market and said: "I'm after de meat for Johnnie's hash factory. Johnnie sent me. Dey wants ten pounds."

The butcher looked at Red. "Just some tramp dishwasher at Johnnie's," he thought to himself. "He acquires a new one every other day. I'll chance it's being all right."

Red liked with the meat, but not to Johnnie's. He next lay for a baker's wagon. Pretty soon one rattled past and stopped in front of a house. Red watched his chance, and as the driver ran around the house with two loaves of bread he helped himself to four nice, fresh warm ones from a box up on top.

Butter and milk were next on his shopping list, and these he stole from back doors where the articles had been left, it being yet early in the morning and Red being an artist in this kind of foraging.

A half hour later the kind hearted though poverty stricken woman who had offered Red a share of what she had was surprised to find on her back porch the food he had collected, together with the following crudely written note:

Dear Madam—Dese tings are for you. Don't say nothin' about it to nobody. Jes turn de kids loos on it. A FRIEND.

The next morning another and similar offering was found on the porch and eagerly appropriated, the poor family supposing it to be the work of some charitably disposed person, as in fact it was, though the tramp who had called at their door was farthest from their thoughts.

These early morning donations continued with scarcely an interruption for three weeks. Some mornings there would be articles of clothing for both children and adults as well as food. Of the latter there was a great variety—as great a variety, in fact, as the source from which it came.

"Wat yer rustlin' so hard fer all de time, Red?" asked Kelly the Bum one night when they met in an alley where some empty barrels afforded free lodgings.

"Got a fambly to support," was Red's terse reply.

"A which?" exclaimed Kelly, scarcely crediting his ears.

"A fambly," repeated Red.

"You sure must be nutty," said Kelly, with alarm, as though in fear of bodily harm.

Then Red had to explain the situa-

tion. "I ain't goin' to see them kids go hungry," he said, "not as long as I can rustle."

"You'll git pinched an' sent over de road fust thing yer know," warned Kelly.

"Can't help it none," said Red. "Them kids is goin' to eat as long as I'm here."

"Where does yer fambly reside, Mr. Milwaukee Red?" inquired Kelly, with a mock obeisance.

"Out Russian Hill way," Red told him, ignoring the other's sarcastic manner.

"Russian Hill?" echoed Kelly, the cynicism in his voice changing to a note of interest.

"Yes, Russian Hill," repeated Red. "Wat's remarkable about thos?"

"Nothin'," said Kelly, with forced effort to appear unconcerned. And then, after a moment during which neither spoke, he asked: "Where does them people live? Worked that section meself once."

Red told him the street and described the house, wondering the while, though not appearing to notice the strange effect the information seemed to produce upon his pal.

"An' yer been feedin' 'em fer a month," mused Kelly.

"Yes, an' I'll be feedin' 'em fer another month unless—unless her son comes back. Reckon he's bummin' somewhere same as you an' me. Didn't like to tell the 'old woman, though. Say, pal, if I had some kin folks o' me own to hustle fer I'd—I'd quit the road an' go to work."

Kelly did not answer at once. He seemed to have lost the power of speech and to be lost in thought, though Red knew him too well to try to force his ragged friend to unobscure himself.

Finally Kelly pulled himself together and said: "Well, must be goin'. Got a hen on. No, don't need no help. See yer tomorrow." And then he added impressively: "Red, whatever yer do, don't git pinched. Hear me? Keep yer eye peeled an' don't git pinched. S' long."

"S' long, Kelly," said Red. "Look out yer don't git pinched yerself."

There was no denying it was a grim risk Red was running, as was indicated by the following news item which appeared prominently the next day in a city paper:

SNEAK THIEVES INFESTING HILL DISTRICT.

Recently sneak thieves have been plying their trade in the Russian Hill district so industriously that there is an insistent call for more police protection. Articles of food and clothing have been disappearing so rapidly in that neighborhood of late that it would seem a small army of these gentry are at work there. Groceries left at back doors in the early morning hours are being taken, clotheslines are being denuded, and small neighborhood stores even are being entered and robbed in broad daylight. The police are laying for these miscreants, and a good, healthy penitentiary term awaits all caught in the dragnet.

And besides the risk which he knew he was running Red felt the weight of the responsibility which he had voluntarily assumed. Looking out for himself was an easy matter. Long experience had made him a past master in the high art of living without working. But looking out for himself and supporting "a fambly" were two different propositions.

However, he had not long to carry the burden. One morning—it was a week since Kelly's sudden disappearance—Red was surprised to find the poor woman awaiting him on the oft visited back porch.

Their surprise was mutual, for the woman at once recognized in Red the tramp with whom she had offered to divide her crust several weeks previous.

"And is it really you who have been doing this?" she questioned, as though doubting her senses.

"I reckon 'tain't nobody else, mum," said Red.

"How can I thank or ever repay you?" she said, her lips trembling.

"Don't try to do neither one, mum," advised Red, longing for some avenue of escape. "How's yer gittin' erlong? How's the kids?"

"Oh, that is what I was waiting to see you or whoever brought the things about," said the woman. "We don't need help any more. My dear son Will"—and tears of happiness shone in her eyes—"has returned, and he got work yesterday. He's going to take care of us now. He was gone so long, and we didn't know where he was. But he says he'll never leave



## A COSTLY ACCIDENT.

The Wave of a Hand, an Upset Ink Bottle and Bankruptcy.

The mere notion of a hand ruined Cobbett & Co., one of the largest and wealthiest of English engineering firms. They and an American firm tendered bids for the building of the great Kaura bridge for the Russian government. Jacob Cobbett, who was the brain and center of the business, spent six months in the designing and contracting and had all his plans ready. His bid was accepted, and material was bought in enormous quantities. A time limit had been set both for the commencement and finish, and Cobbett was perfecting his plans and making sure of the smallest details, with all the formula spread out on the table before him, when he stretched out his hand, overturned an ink pot and drowned the most important of the papers in a black sea.

Cobbett had a poor memory. In a fever of anxiety he tried to reconstruct his plans from stray notes. It was impossible, and he called on the Russian government for more time. Time was refused, and Russia repudiated the contract on the ground of delay, as the agreement allowed. Cobbett could not get his work through in time, and the Yankee firm, which now advanced a cheaper tender, with cut and dried plans, got the job. The loss drove Cobbett & Co. to bankruptcy, and the great Kaura bridge in Russia is American built.—London Scraps.

## THE WOODEN HORSE.

An Old Time Form of Military Punishment in England.

Torture on a grand scale in England went out with Felton, the assassin of Buckingham, but torture on a small scale continued to be practiced on military offenders down to the eighteenth century. The form most frequently resorted to was that known as the wooden horse, a ride which was the punishment accorded for petty thefts, insubordination and so on. The wooden horse was made of planks nailed together so as to form a sharp ridge or angle about eight or nine feet long. This ridge represented the back of the horse and was supported by four posts or legs about five feet high placed on a stand made movable by trucks. To complete the resemblance to the noblest animal in creation a head and tail were added.

When a soldier was sentenced, either by court martial or by his commanding officer, to ride the horse he was placed on the brute's back, with his hands tied behind him, and frequently enough, in order to increase the pain, muskets were fastened to his legs to weigh them down or, as was jeerfully said, to prevent the fiery, untamed, barebacked steed from kicking him off.—London Graphic.

## Decayed Families.

We have known Morleys who were entirely ignorant of the race from which they came. Sometimes it is far otherwise. The family of Conyers is a remarkable example. It ended in the last baronet, Sir Thomas, who died in 1810 without male issue. He would have passed away in the parish workhouse of Chester street had not Robert Surtees of Mainsforth, the historian of the country palatine of Durham, and other generous neighbors intervened. To the last he showed that he was well aware of the dignity of the house he represented and for some time declined to receive assistance from his friends. Another remarkable case is that of Greville. This family was noteworthy in the wars of the Caroline period, yet as time passed sank so low that two of its members were at one time receiving parish relief, and one of them, evidently by some mistake which it is difficult to account for, was twice picked for high sheriff at the very time he was a pauper.—London Athenaeum.

## Four Useful Senses.

The naturalist of Woodbrook-in-the-Hills had pointed out a rabbit squatting close under a bush, and the ladies had declared in chorus that they could not see the little animal.

"How do you manage to see everything?" asked one of the party, with flattering infection.

"Well," began the naturalist confidently, "I ain't altogether seeing. Sometimes I see, but when I can't see with my eyes I smell things with my nose, and when I can't smell things with my nose I hear 'em with my ears, and when I can't hear with my ears I prickle all over."—Youth's Companion.

## Curacao's Good Schools.

In all Curacao schools, from the most exclusive to the humblest government school, in which the little black or parchment Dutch twigs are bent, Dutch, French, Spanish, English and Papiamentu are used and taught. By the neighboring islands and even on the mainland and as far away as Central America these schools are highly regarded, and a large number of foreign children are sent to Curacao to get their education.—Charles Johnson Post in Century.

## Definition of Tact.

Mrs. Pyne—Mrs. Blank certainly possesses a lot of tact. Mrs. Hyne—What is your definition of "tact"? Mrs. Pyne—Tact is a woman's ability to make her husband believe he is having his own way.—Lippincott's.

## Hatred's Dividends.

Hatred takes time and energy and health. And the dividends on the investment are pitifully small and unsatisfactory.—Acheson Globe.

A mere madness—to live like a wretch that he may die rich.—Burton.

## The Mystery of Black Mountain

How the Perpetrator of a Murder Was Discovered.

By JOHN LOUIS BERRY.

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The lightning flashed, illuminating the dark forest vividly.

"This is the place," said Clare breathlessly after her long run, and she pointed to the ground.

At Jack's feet lay a sinister black heap with its face turned up toward the stormy sky. There was a wide gash in the head. Beside the body lay the brutal implement of the hideous deed—an ax.

"Phil!" cried Jack in horror stricken tones, bending down and feeling the heart. "My God, he is dead!"

"Dead," repeated Clare, "and you killed him."

"I? Why, Miss Fleming, you must be mad. I swear!"

She held up her hand. "Not another word. Please see me to the edge of the wood."

Jack Lawrence was held for the murder.

One afternoon a week before the day of the trial Jack was surprised by a visit from Clare Fleming.

"I'm going away," she explained, "and I didn't want to leave without saying goodbye."

"Thank you," he answered quietly. "Do you still believe me guilty?"

"Don't ask me, please," he sighed heavily.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes. Try to believe that I'm innocent. Will you try, Clare?"

"Yes, Jack; I'll try—with all my soul."

"Thank you. You didn't see me strike him with the ax, did you?"

"No." She was silent a moment, gazing at him steadily. "Tell me, are you innocent or guilty?"

"Innocent, so help me God."

She held out her hand. "I believe you," she said, then, ashamed of her tears, hurriedly left him.

Out in the street she met her uncle, Judge Hughes.

"I'm on my way to reserve your berth, my dear," he said. "The train has changed time, and—"

"But I'm not going away—just yet," she interrupted.

"You don't say so! Well, if you're not the most notunate young lady!" But she laughed and hastened past him.

Reaching Dizzy Lodge, the Hughes home, she ordered her pony saddled and soon was galloping up Black Mountain. She did not draw rein until arriving at Phil's cabin. The old man was hard at work chopping wood.

"Good afternoon," she said graciously. "I've heard that you're the only person in the county who believes Jack innocent of the murder."

Bill did not respond with much alacrity. Because of this handsome, dashing young woman one of his boys was dead and the other was virtually condemned to die.

"Well, Mr. Bill, that's a mistake," she continued good humoredly, "for here's another who believes him innocent."

Bill gave his ax a rest. "You?" he queried incredulously.

"Come, now," she said briskly, dismounting. "Let's go to the place where poor Phil met his death and talk it over. Maybe we can reach some conclusion."

"Do you remember the exact spot?" Bill asked doubtfully.

"Yes. The tree was struck by lightning."

"Praps Phil was struck too?" he hazarded, with sublime hope.

She shook her head. "No; it was that horrible ax. Somebody killed him with that, and you and I must find out who it was."

In a few moments they were standing on the fatal spot. The tree had been struck by lightning, as Clare had said, and was now a partly burned and shriveled semblance of its former kindly self. The two friends of the accused examined the surroundings carefully, but found nothing that led to a clue. There seemed to be only hopelessness ahead.

The day of the trial came. The prosecution then called its first and only witness, Clare Fleming. She told a simple and straightforward story of how on the afternoon of the picnic she and the murdered man had met the accused and of how when she and Phil were hurrying home in the rain and darkness Phil had been struck on the head with an ax, thereby killing him.

The defense began the cross examination.

"You were with Mr. Hastings at the time he met his death?"

"Yes."

"Did he cry out?"

"He simply fell to the ground."

"Did you see the murderer do the deed?"

"No."

"Did you see the accused anywhere near?"

"No."

"Did you suspect him then of the murder?"

"Yes."

"Because"—she hesitated—"of their quarrel in the afternoon."

"And you left the body and went to hunt for him?"

"Not for him—simply for help. I lost my way and happened to meet him,

then returned with him to the corpse."

"You are excused."

The prosecuting attorney then began his argument.

Judge Hughes followed for Jack. But his eloquence was futile. Only two of his points made anything of an impression—the fact that no footprints had been discovered under the tree other than those of Miss Fleming and the dead man and the further fact that the ax was a very old one of German manufacture, the duplicate of which could not be found for miles around. Certainly no one had ever seen the ax in Jack's possession.

The prosecuting attorney quietly called attention to the relative insignificance of the defense's two points. Then the court gave the charge to the jury. The twelve good men and true retired. They had been gone just half an hour when they filed in and the foreman handed in the verdict. "Guilty of murder in the first degree." It was the shortest murder trial ever held in the state.

The defense's motion for a new trial was not granted. Accordingly Jack was taken to the state penitentiary. The governor, a rather rigid man, saw no extenuating circumstances in the case, and the first week in October was set as the time for the execution. So Jack's fate was sealed. Two months, and he would suffer an ignominious death on the gallows.

A cloud of gloom settled over the village, where Jack had always been a general favorite. Judge Hughes and his niece went to a watering place to spend the rest of the autumn. Clare wrote one letter to Jack—a long, long one. What was in it nobody but themselves ever knew.

Time flew. On the twenty-eighth day of September Clare received the following telegram:

Come at once. Big news. BILL.

Bright and early the next morning she galloped up Black Mountain. As usual Bill was chopping wood.

"You must excuse me, miss," he apologized, "but as you've met me wuz the only ones wot didn't believe him guilty I thought I'd hev ye come an' share the glor'us news. But we must be quick about it, as you'll hev to see the guv'nor."

He went into the cabin and brought out the ax which had been found on the ground beside the body. "It's a queer one, ain't it, miss? An' do ye recollect it didn't hev no handle? I wonder wot become of it?" He laughed slyly. "I guess Jack must ha' buried it. But, do you know, miss, I suspicion that this here ax be half as old as I am? Come, I wonder show you the tree. Ever since poor Phil's death I've cursed an' swore at that tree. Time an' ag'in I've gone out thar to chop the critter down, an' time an' ag'in I couldn't. Suthin' allus seemed to hold me back. I'm mighty glad now that suthin' did."

Bill showed Clare his "find." Fifteen minutes later the overjoyed young woman rode down to the village, secured a camera; then, returning to the forest, took a picture of the tree, or, rather, of one particular part of it.

That afternoon she stood in the presence of his excellency the governor of the state.

"Governor," she began quietly, "next week is the time set for John Lawrence's execution. I'm here to ask you for a pardon."

"You don't ask much," his excellency answered dryly.

"Governor," she continued, smiling, "you are familiar with the details of Mr. Hastings' death. I ask you to keep in mind now four points especially—there was a thunderstorm raging at the time, he was standing under a tree, the tree was struck by lightning, and he was struck with an ax."

His excellency looked bored. "Go on."

She opened her satchel and took out the photograph plate and the ax.

"There, sir, is the ax. As you see, it's a very fine steel one of an odd shape and size, and if you look down in this corner you'll find it was made in Germany as long ago as 1809. The tree, then, is thirty-nine years old. Now, this plate shows the part of the tree that was struck by lightning—the 'forks,' so called, or the point where the upper part of the trunk divides into two limbs. The lightning struck the forks, and they split open. Look closely at the plate and you'll see a depression in the wood where the lightning struck, a depression of the exact shape of this ax. And right here is the explanation of the mystery of Philip Hastings' death. This ax was struck into the tree between twenty and twenty-five years ago by some woodman. He might have done it for several reasons—to mark the tree, to put the ax in a safe and convenient place, or it might have been merely an act of carelessness. Be that as it may, woodmen often do such things. The ax was thrust into this tree, the handle loosening and coming off. The man who did it must have forgotten it or gone away unexpectedly, as it was left in the tree. How do I know that this happened between twenty and twenty-five years ago? I simply compare the age of the ax with the probable age of the tree. The ax was thrust into the tree, and it remained there. As the tree grew the bark gradually covered the ax, and the ax rose higher and higher with the tree." She looked at the governor with quiet assurance. "Now, sir, these facts speak for themselves. The lightning struck the forks of the tree, the tree split open, and the ax fell out. Unfortunately Philip Hastings happened to be standing directly under it, and it struck him, crushing in his head. Your excellency, I ask at least a reprieve."

The reprieve was granted. The next day the governor went to Black Mountain to make a personal investigation. There stood the split tree, and there in the forks was a distinct depression into which the ax fitted perfectly.

## Arlington Fire Alarm Box Locations.

- 13 Corner Henderson and Savin Streets.
- 14 Corner Mass. Avenue and Tool Street.
- 15 Corner Mass. Avenue and Lake Street.
- 16 Corner Mass. Avenue opp. Tufts Street.
- 100 Mass. Ave. bet. Palmer and Wyman Streets.
- 17 Lake Street, opposite D. Wyman's house.
- 21 Town Hall Street, opposite Fremont.
- 22 Town Hall (Police Station).
- 23 Junction Broadway and Warren Street.
- 24 Beacon Street, near Warren.
- 25 Horse 3 House, Broadway.
- 26 Corner Bedford Street and Lewis Avenue.
- 27 Corner Mystic and Summer Streets.
- 28 Mystic Street, near Fairview Avenue.
- 31 Kensington Park.
- 32 Russell Street, near Lake Street.
- 34 Pleasant Street opp. Gray.
- 35 Pleasant Street bet. Addison and Wellington.
- 36 Town Hall.
- 37 Russell Street, corner Russell Terrace.
- 38 Academy Street, near Maple.
- 39 Mass. Avenue near Mill Street.
- 41 Jason Street near Irving.
- 41 Mass. Avenue, near Schouler Court.
- 42 Corner Summer and Grove Streets.
- 43 Horse 2 House, Massachusetts Avenue.
- 46 Brattle Street, near R. R. Station.
- 47 Massachusetts Avenue opp. Forest Street.
- 52 Westminister Avenue cor. Westoverland Ave.
- 54 Cor. Park Avenue and Lowell St.
- 513 Elevated R. R. Car House.
- 61 Corner Florence and Hillside Avenues.
- 64 Horse No. 1 House, Park Ave.
- 65 Appleton Street near Oakland Avenue.
- 71 Massachusetts Avenue near Hibbard Street.
- 82 Forest Street, north of R. R. tracks.

## SIGNALS.

1. Two blows for test at 6.45 a. m., and 6.45 p. m.
2. Two blows—Dismissal Signal.
3. Three blows twice—Second Alarm.
- 3-3-3. Three blows, three times—Third Alarm.
- 3-3-3. Four rounds 7:15 (High school only) and 8:15 a. m., and 12:45 and 1:15 p. m.—No School Signal.
5. Eight blows—Forest Fire Signal, followed by two rounds of Box nearest fire.
10. Ten blows—Out of Town Signal.
- 12-12. Twelve blows twice—Police Call.

WALTER H. PEIRCE, Chief.

R. W. LEBARON, Supt. of Wires.

## Call 'Em UP.

For the convenience of our readers we give below a list of all our local advertisers who are connected by telephone. The telephone is coming to be an absolute necessity for business men who wish to accommodate their customers, and at the same time secure orders by making it easy to communicate with them.

- |  |                  |
|--|------------------|
| Arlington Police Station,                | 407              |
| Arlington Town Hall,                     |                  |
| Board of Selectmen,                      | 307-2            |
| Assessors' Office,                       | 307-3            |
| Town Engineer & Water Registrar,         | 307-4            |
| Town Treasurer and Auditor,              | 307-5            |
| Tax Collector,                           | 307-3            |
| Clerk,                                   | 307-4            |
| Arlington Insurance Agency,              |                  |
| Geo. V. Wellington & Son,                | 308-5            |
| Arlington Gas Light Company,             | 413-3            |
| Bacon, Arthur L., mason,                 | 308-5            |
| J. F. Horton, painter and decorator      | 89-4             |
| First National Bank of Arlington,        | 192              |
| Fletcher, express,                       | 148-7            |
| Frost Insecticide Company Arlington      | 542-2            |
| Gannett, C. H., civil engineer,          | Main, 3856-3     |
| Glott, Charles, carriages,               | 38-2             |
| Dr. Arthur Yale Greene                   | Lexington 55-2   |
| C. W. Grossmuth,                         | 173-2            |
| Also, public telephone,                  | 2187-1           |
| Holt, James O., grocer,                  | 306-2            |
| " " provision dealer,                    | 442-2            |
| Hardy, N. J., caterer,                   | 712-3            |
| Hartwell, J. V. N., carpenter            | Arlington 383-3  |
| Hatfield, J. H. N., Carpenter            | Arlington 383-3  |
| Hillard, H. W., insurance,               | Main, 3884       |
| Keely Institute,                         | Lexington, 83    |
| Kent, Geo. W., carpenter,                | Arlington, 383-3 |
| Locke, Frank A., piano tuner, Winthrop   | 37-3             |
| Lexington Lumber Co.,                    | 150              |
| Lexington Town Hall,                     | 16-2             |
| Lyman Lawrence, hardware,                | Lexington, 6-4   |
| Marshall, A. A.,                         | Lexington, 6-4   |
| Marrison, C. F., Old Upham Market,       | 580              |
| Marston, O. B.,                          | 290-3            |
| Myers & Franks, Jewelers, Haymarket      | 2286-6           |
| Muller, Wm., insurance,                  | Main, 3894       |
| Nourse, A. L., manicure,                 | 14-3             |
| Osgood, Dr. H. B., dentist, Lexington,   | 121-1            |
| Petrie & Winn Co., coal,                 | 306-3            |
| Parker, C. B. & Son, printers,           | 141              |
| Price, W. A., provisions,                | 149-3            |
| Reardon, E., florist,                    | 96-3             |
| Russell House,                           | Lexington, 17-3  |
| Shattuck, R. W. & Co.,                   | 114              |
| Spanning, Geo. W.,                       | Lexington, 28-3  |
| Taylor & Co., Furnishers, Boston, Oxford | 1856-1           |
| Wellington, Frank Y., notary public,     | 308-4            |
| Wetherbee, Bros.,                        | 414-3            |
| Wood, Bros., Expressmen,                 | 481-3            |
| Yerxa & Yerca, grocers,                  | 185              |
| Horse 2,                                 | 64-3             |
| " 3,                                     | 64-3             |
| " 4,                                     | 64-3             |
| Chemical A.,                             | 64-3             |

If any of our advertisers have been inadvertently omitted from above list, and will ring us up, we shall be pleased to add their names in our next issue.

## LEXINGTON FIRE ALARM.

- | LOCATION OF BOXES.                        |  |
|---|--|
| Number.                                   |  |
| 4 Centre Engine House.                    |  |
| 5 Mass. Ave. near Town Hall.              |  |
| 7 Clark and Forest Sts.                   |  |
| 8 Cor. Grant and Sherman Sts.             |  |
| 12 " Mass. Ave. and Woburn St.            |  |
| 13 " Woburn and Vine Sts.                 |  |
| 15 " Woburn and Lowell Sts.               |  |
| 16 Lowell St., near Arlington line.       |  |
| 21 Cor. Bloomfield and Euclid Sts.        |  |
| 22 Mass. Ave., near Perry Road.           |  |
| 24 Mass. Ave., opp. Mrs. W. E. Munroe's.  |  |
| 25 East Lexington Engine House.           |  |
| 26 Cor. Mass. Ave. and Pleasant St.       |  |
| 27 " Pleasant and Watertown Sts.          |  |
| 28 Mass. Ave., opp. East Lexington Depot. |  |
| 29 Cor. Mass. Ave. and Sylvia St.         |  |
| 31 Bedford St., opp. John Hinchey's.      |  |
| 32 Cor. Ash and Reed Sts.                 |  |
| 33 Bedford Street, No. Lexington Depot.   |  |
| 35 Bedford Street, opp. Morton Reed's.    |  |
| 41 Cor. Mass. Ave. and Elm Avenue.        |  |
| 43 " Mass. Ave. and Parker St.            |  |
| 45 " Mass. Ave. and Cedar St.             |  |
| 46 " Lincoln and School Sts.              |  |
| 51 Hancock St. near Hancock Ave.          |  |
| 53 Cor. Hancock and Adams Sts.            |  |
| 54 " Adams and East Sts.                  |  |
| 56 " Burlington and Grove Sts.            |  |
| 51 Waltham St., opp. C. H. Wiswell's.     |  |
| 62 Cor. Waltham and Middle Sts.           |  |
| 63 Waltham St. and Concord Ave.           |  |
| 72 Oakland St., opp. N. H. Merriam's.     |  |
| 73 Chandler St., opp. J. F. Prince's.     |  |
| 87 Morris Estate, Lowell St.              |  |
| 241 Electric Car Station, No. Lexington   |  |
| 258 No School Signal                      |  |

## Post Office, Lexington, Mass.

Office Open from 6.45 a. m. to 8 p. m.

INCOMING MAILS. OUTGOING MAILS.

- | OPEN.                 | CLOSE.               |
|-----------------------|----------------------|
| 8.00 a. m.            | 7 a. m. Northern     |
| 11.30 a. m. Northern. | 7.30 a. m.           |
| 12.15 p. m.           | 10.30 a. m. N. R. H. |
| 1.40 p. m.            | 12.30 p. m.          |
| 4.40 p. m.            | 1.30 p. m.           |
| 6.30 p. m. Northern.  | 5.45 p. m. N. R. H.  |
| 7.30 p. m.            | 7.30 p. m.           |

SUNDAY. 4 p. m.

Office open Sunday 3 to 8 p. m.

Letters addressed for delivery to a patron on the Rural Route must be prepaid by postage stamps at first-class rate.

LEONARD A. SAVILLE, P. M.

## ARLINGTON SOCIETIES, CHURCHES, Etc.

ARLINGTON CO-OPERATIVE BANK.

Warren A. Peirce, pres.; Chas. H. Stevens, sec. retory; O. W. Whittemore, treasurer. Meets in banking rooms of First National Bank, first Tuesday in each month, at 7.30 p. m. Money offered at auction at 8.30 p. m.

ARLINGTON FIVE-CENT SAVINGS BANK.

Bank Building, corner Massachusetts Avenue and Pleasant Street. William G. Peck, president; H. Blaisdell, sec. and treas. Open daily from 1 to 5.30 p. m.; Wednesday and Saturday evenings from 7 to 9.

ARLINGTON BOAT CLUB.

Meets first Monday in each month at Club House on margin of Spy Pond. Admission fee \$10; annual dues, \$15.

ARLINGTON FILANCE CLUB.

Meets by invitation fourth Thursday in each month at A. O. H. Div. 23.

Meets in Hibernian Hall, corner Mystic and Chestnut streets, first and third Tuesdays of each month, at 7.30 p. m.

A. O. U. W. CIRCLE LODGE NO. 77.

Meets first and third Fridays of each month at Crescent Hall, A. H., at 8 p. m.

JAMES RAY COLE LODGE, NO. 169.

Knights of Pythias. Meets first and third Tuesdays in I. O. O. F. Hall.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

E. Nelson Blake, president; John A. Easton, cash. Cor. Massachusetts Avenue and Pleasant Street. Open daily from 8 a. m. to 3 p. m., on Wednesdays and Saturdays evenings from 7 to 9.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Hose No. 1, on Park Avenue; Hose No. 2, on Massachusetts Avenue; Hose No. 3, on Broadway; Chemical A, on Massachusetts Avenue.

F. M. M. H. U. A. M. LODGE.

Meets in Masonic Hall, corner Massachusetts Avenue and Bedford Street, Thursday on or before the full moon.

FORESTERS OF AMERICA.

Court 232, of Arlington. Meets in Adolphian Hall and at odd Mondays of each month at 8 o'clock.

I. O. O. F., BETHEL LODGE, NO. 12.

Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, Bank Building, every Wednesday evening, at 8.

IDA F. BUTLER REBEKAH LODGE NO. 158.

Meets first and third Monday evenings of each month in Bethel Lodge Room.

MEMOROTRY R. A. CHAPTER.

Meets third Tuesday of each month in Masonic Hall.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS, NO. 109.

Meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month in K. of C. Hall, over Shattuck's store.

ROBBINS PUBLIC LIBRARY.

Building is open to the public as follows: Sundays, 3.30 to 5.30 p. m.; Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 12 a. m., 1 to 6 and 7 to 9 p. m.; book room 1 to 6 p. m.; Wednesdays and Saturdays 10 to 12 a. m.; 1 to 6 p. m.; book room, 1 to 6 p. m. Weekdays and Saturdays only, during the month of August.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS BRANCH.

Open Tuesdays and Saturdays from 1 to 6;



## ARLINGTON LOCAL ITEMS

Continued from page 1.

—Sergeant Kendall is having an exhibition of his paintings at the Vose art gallery 320 Boylston street, Boston. Among the paintings is one of Mrs. Edith Trowbridge Vombour, which her many friends will no doubt be glad of the opportunity of seeing.

—Cambridge Ice Co. have their houses on the shores of Spy Pond about two-thirds full. If the harvest can continue till Wednesday of next week they will get their full supply of about thirty thousand tons. Much of the ice they have taken thus far has measured thirteen inches.

—The games in the Boston Pin League, bowled last week, did not change the standing of the Boat Club team, which holds the lead by games won, but not in total pin fall or average, the Colonials holding these points. All the Arlington bowlers stood more than well in the high average score. Though A. B. C. is fourth in the Gilt Edge League, in total pin fall it is third and in high average stands second.

—Dr. Joel E. Goldthwait, of Marlboro street, Boston, orthopedic specialist, will give an address or lecture in Cotting Hall, Arlington High school, on Monday afternoon next, at five o'clock. He will speak on "Poise and its relation to human efficiency." Any and all interested are cordially invited to attend the lecture. Dr. Goldthwait has an agreeable personality and is an authority in his special line of work.

—Pleasant anticipations are held for ladies' night of Hiram Lodge, F. and A. M. It will take place in Town Hall, on Tuesday evening next, Jan. 25. If we are correctly informed the company will assemble about seven when caterer Hardy is to furnish a collation. This feature is to be followed by a program to include music by Custer's orchestra, selections by Weber Male Quartet, and readings. The lodge is anticipating entertaining distinguished members of the order, including the Worshipful Grand Master Dana J. Flaners, general passenger agent of the B. & M. R. R.

—The annual meeting of the Arlington Orthodox Congregational Parish was held on Monday evening, in the vestry of the church on Pleasant street. It commanded a fairly good attendance on the part of the members and was eminently harmonious and satisfactory. Dea. Myron Taylor was chosen to preside as moderator and clerk R. Walter Hilliard read the report of the last annual meeting. Reports were presented by treasurer James W. Baston, showing an unexpended balance to the credit of the several funds he had dealt with during the year. Mr. Howard W. Spurr reported for both the standing committee and the larger body having charge of recent repairs and alterations on the church. Starting in with the idea of painting the church, the plan broadened until it included the entire renovation of the interior of the building and almost a rebuilding of the steeple. The committee had received cordial and efficient help, so that not only had the extraordinary expense of over six thousand dollars been met, but with all bills paid there was a balance of over \$400 in the hands of the treasurer. The meeting recognized the signal service Mr. Spurr had rendered and in spite of his protest, a unanimous vote to make the thanks extended him a matter of record was passed. It was voted that balances from various sources now in the treasury be used at the discretion of the standing committee in cancelling any outstanding obligations. The officers for the ensuing year are as follows:—

Clerk, R. Walter Hilliard; treasurer, Frank B. Thompson; auditor, A. Winslow; Town collector, Howard D. Hawkins; standing committee, Howard W. Spurr, William A. Muller, George A. Kimball; music committee, Solon M. Bartlett, Rodney T. Hardy, Loren W. Marsh.

The appropriations for the coming year,—pastor's salary, music, janitor, etc.,—were the same as last year. The meeting was in session little over an hour. The report of the standing committee is to be printed for distribution at the service on Sunday.

## A. B. C.'s Talented Talent.

"Amateur Night" scored a big hit again this season. This is the evening, more than any other, that is "members' club night," at the Arlington Boat Club, when all restraint and formality is dispensed with, and all join in the heartiest of good will in having a rollicking frolic. It was a stormy evening on Tuesday, yet this did not materially interfere with the attendance. Those who had fretted nerves when they put in an appearance at the club had them all smoked out by the soothing clouds of smoke in which they luxuriatedly dwelt for a couple of hours, and the massaging of facial muscles by many rounds of laughter and smiles that chased frowns and care away.

H. H. Whitney was quite in his glory as master of ceremonies, but had to be right on his job to keep his troupe in order and the artists from getting jealous of each other. Talented people are so touchy, you know! Otis Whittemore was a cherub (yes, rather a big one, we admit, but we were thinking of his smile), and stayed glued to the piano stool without a murmur and was equal to any antics, no matter how staid on the part of the singers. You couldn't put him out of harmony—he was too good natured. The 44th Regiment Band opened the levee. Their uniforms were wonderful, but indescribable. Their music was not bad. No, it wasn't, really! President Homer had a swelled head, but he could stand it, as he is not often afflicted that way. He made a dandy band master.

George E. Bonney is not the "sweet singer of Israel," but he comes as near it as an American who is not an "lky" can. He gave the club's favorite songs and the "gang" joined in the chorus. Mr. Clarke, also a club favorite, gave local hits that made a "strike," but did not hit any one too hard. He was the black specialty artist. You have all been to Keith's and know what that means. Herbert A. Moses (not the one in the bulrushes), could play the cornet all right. There was a banjo and xylophone quartet that did good work and made spirited music; then three of the band, with the rest for protection, did their worst, but no lives were lost, although the fat boys in the club nearly died of laughter. Had Keith been there he surely would have "hooked" such a vaudeville trio as Hobart Cousins, H. A. Moses and John Sewall made. T. W. Holmes' high tenor voice did not come too high to be appreciated and was given a warm hand. Mr. Clarke created a diversion by his monologue which he did to a turn. Peter Robertson sang "bassily," yet with Bennett and Holmes to assist with the banjos, made very sweet

music. It only needed perfection for "Hob." Consents to join in the chorus, which he did, some two hundred or more pounds strong. Mr. Briggs serenely sailed in port as a reader, and the evening was concluded with a round of songs that the A. B. C.'s delight in. Don't you wish you had been there?

## Gentlemen's Night.

Last Thursday evening, Jan. 20th, the Arlington Woman's Club tendered the fourteenth annual "Gentlemen's Night," in Town Hall, Arlington. For several years past these yearly gatherings of club members and friends have been held in the Pleasant street Cong. church and, we understand, the place of meeting was changed this year in deference to Mr. Paul M. Pearson, the reader of the evening as well as the especial guest of the occasion. Mr. Pearson disliked the idea of reading from a pulpit platform and felt he would not feel sufficiently at home to do the occasion justice. On the whole a public hall is better adapted to these occasions, even if it has the restrictions of Arlington's hall. These restrictions are its size and lack of conveniences for serving a collation, otherwise the hall is an attractive one since it was done over several years ago. Many people make the mistake of calling the hall names it does not deserve. It is old-fashioned, but some of our best styles are old-fashioned. At any rate the hall looked very attractive last Thursday evening, and the goodly company, representing the police of the town, even more so. This gathering is always marked by handsome dressing and as far as it is possible for a semi-public function is a full dress occasion. No annual assembly is more representative of the well to do conditions of the town and it always "does Arlington proud."

The earlier part of the evening was devoted to a musical program. This was as usual, a delightful feature for which the audience was indebted to Miss Carolyn A. Brackett of the music committee of the club. She secured the services of Miss Ethel Harding pianist, and the Mahn String Quartet. Mr. Louis Mahn, the leader of the quartet, is a leading violinist in the Symphony Orchestra and it will be of some interest to Arlington people to know that he is the brother of Mrs. Scully, wife of J. F. Scully superintendent of Arlington schools. Mr. Mahn established his reputation some years ago as taking rank among the first in his profession, so further encomiums are not necessary. His associate players were Julius Von Theodorowicz, 2d violin; A. Kolster, viola; A. Kautzerm Bach, violoncello. The quartet opened the program and played very beautifully the "First movement of the Haydn Quartet." This was followed by Miss Ethel Harding's piano solo. She gave "Concert Arabesques," arranged by Schulz-Elver from the "Beautiful Blue Danube." This is a most bewitching thing and finely displayed the talents of the player. Miss Harding is from Malden and has played for the club before. She is young, but is already a popular pianist. The third number was for the piano and quartet. They gave Schumann's "Allegro, from Quintette Op. 44." This was charming, the piano and strings blending harmoniously in the beauties of the composition. The musical program concluded, Mrs. Charles A. Dennett, president of the club, stepped forward, and expressed the sentiments of the evening in a manner to make her associates feel they were fortunate to be so adequately represented. Mrs. Dennett spoke especially of the intention, efforts, and purpose of Federation work. She then introduced Mr. Pearson, paying him a graceful compliment for his merits and signified what might be expected in what he was to offer the large audience in way of entertainment. Mr. Pearson is a professor at Swarthmore College, Pennsylvania. He gave readings from various writers illustrative of "Plantation Days in Song and Story." His praises had been sounded on all sides and he was no less successful here as an entertainer of the highest order than he has been in many other places. There was the charm of novelty about it as well as an attractive picture of a phase of this country's life that will never be known again quite in the same way. It is a welcome treat to have these pictures presented to freshen the memory of other days in a sunny clime and under conditions quite foreign to cold, matter of fact New England. Mr. Pearson has no little personal magnetism which is a large asset in the popularity as an entertainer.

At the conclusion of the program Mrs. Dennett held an informal reception and presented Mr. Pearson and her other guests to those who cared to meet them. She entertained Mrs. C. H. Bonney, president of the Cantabrigia Club of Cambridge. Mrs. F. C. Richardson of Brookline, corresponding secretary of the New England Woman's Club, Mrs. G. W. Pfeiffer, ex-president of the Current Events Club of Hyde Park.

The decorations of the platform were especially effective and showed the artistic temperament of the chairman of the social department (Mrs. D. T. Percy) who had this, as well as the refreshments in charge. Bay trees and palms were placed at the back of the stage and they graduated as they approached the front of the stage. This gave quite a unique effect, suggestive of a southern garden hedge. The old fashioned "nose-gay" carried by Mrs. Dennett was also in keeping with the evening's program, and was a gift of the club, thus showing its appreciation of the president. Mrs. Dennett received in a beautiful blue satin.

Ice cream and cake were served during the social hour. The ushers assisting Mrs. Percy were Mesdames George A. Smith, Arthur J. Wellington, Frederick A. Horner, F. B. Thompson, William Marsden, Robert E. Payne, C. F. Winer, Gorham H. Davis, Mrs. Lewis B. Carr as chairman of the Prudential committee had some of the minor details in charge and was assisted as doorkeeper by Mesdames R. D. Green, W. G. Rolfe and Charles A. Hardy.

## Annual Vaudeville.

President Davis and those associated with him in arranging for the affair at Old Belfry Club, last Saturday evening, may rest assured that the purpose to entertain the members of Post 119 was a success. As special guests the comrades were only a small portion of the company, but the main hall was more than well filled; but that there was a large company present to share with them the musical and laugh provoking, was an added pleasure. President Davis spoke a few words of cordial greeting and urged Lexington people to interest themselves in the ice carnival and then announced "The Mannings" as entertainers. The lifted curtain disclosed a double quartette of male voices, grouped effectively, who opened with Dudley Buck's

"Huntman Chorus," and in response to an emphatic encore, gave a funny skit "I saw Esau." The first part of the program was made up of selections in keeping with the opening number. Mr. A. F. Tucker's solo won an encore, well deserved.

The second part was a sort of minstrel show, Messrs. Sulls and Haskell appearing as "end men" in eccentric costume and blackened faces. They "filled the bill" as actors and dancers, as well as singers and were of course the life of the "circle." "Tenting to-night" and "Marching thro' Georgia" were introduced in place of numbers on the printed program as a compliment to "The Boys" and by request the audience joined in the choruses of these familiar tunes.

The evening's entertainment closed with a musical satire, "Breach of Promise Suit," introducing the entire company. Mr. Harvey Park personated the "wondrous fair" plaintiff, and with well nigh perfection in make-up and deportment. The old judge could not be blamed at being enamored by so alluring a personality. Leon E. Baldwin, about six feet tall and a belt measure of at least four feet, personated "little brother Hal," and like himself, the hit he made was immense. The music of the sketch is tuneful, the actors were familiar with their parts, and it went with snap and vim as it provoked laughter and won applause with a fair division between soloists and chorus numbers. The following is the full cast and includes all the members of the Mannings:—

Judge, and a good judge too, Perry Haskell Plaintiff, a maiden wondrous fair,

Harvey Park Harold, plaintiff's brother, Leon E. Baldwin Attorney for the plaintiff, Caleb G. Sulls Defendant, a fickle lover, Victor Crawford Reporter, William E. Whittaker, Arthur F. Tucker, Arthur K. Bayley.

Mr. Ulmer H. Manning, the manager, officiated as inter-locutor in the minstrel feature, and Mr. Coneau Lechfield presided at the piano for the evening's performances, proving himself skilled in sustaining this important role.

To avoid congestion and facilitate the proper transportation of the residents of Lexington and their friends to the carnival grounds, on Monday night, it is requested that instead of engaging special conveyance, please be good enough to use the means of transportation furnished by the committee who have that in charge, as follows: Punks will leave the center for the grounds, beginning at 7 o'clock and returning as soon as the carnival is over. Round trip will be twenty-five cents. Tickets may be obtained at Seeley's, Shade street and Western avenue, bordering the grounds, will be closed from sunset until midnight. The punks will discharge their patrons at the corner of the two streets mentioned. Patrons of the carnival desirous of motoring or coming in their own sleighs, may enter the grounds and parking space will be provided for same.

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## COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

MIDDLESEX, SS. SUPREME JUDICIAL COURT. ROBBINS SPRING WATER COMPANY.

Petition for Dissolution of said Corporation.

To the Honorable the Justices of the Supreme Judicial Court now sitting in and for the County of Middlesex:—

Respectfully represents your petitioner—  
1. That the Robbins Spring Water Co., is a corporation organized in accordance with the provisions of the laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, for the purpose of acquiring by purchase or otherwise real estate in the Town of Arlington and elsewhere containing certain springs and selling the water of said springs to dealers and consumers and engaging in the business of selling and vending spring water; that it carried on said business in Arlington, in said County of Middlesex.

2. That the capital stock of said company consists of 1000 shares each of the par value of \$100.  
3. That the said corporation has ceased to carry on business and has paid all its debts and has distributed all its assets to the holders of the capital stock, and now has no debts and no assets.

4. That the stockholders of said corporation are desirous to close the concerns of said company and at a special meeting held on the 13th day of December, 1909, voted that through its Treasurer said corporation petition this honorable court for the dissolution of said Robbins Spring Water Company.

Wherefore your petitioner prays that this Honorable Court will decree a dissolution of said corporation and make such other orders and decrees as to this Honorable Court shall seem meet and proper.

ROBBINS SPRING WATER COMPANY, By Wm. H. Hamlen, Treasurer.

## COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS

MIDDLESEX, SS. SUPREME JUDICIAL COURT, Jan. 11th, A. D., 1910.

Upon the petition aforesaid, it is ordered by the Court that the petitioner, notify all persons interested to appear before our Justices of said Court, at Cambridge, in said County, on the first Monday of March next, by causing an attested copy of said petition and of the order of the Court thereon, to be published in the ARLINGTON ADVOCATE, a newspaper published in Arlington, in the County of Middlesex, once a week, three weeks successively, the last publication to be thirty days at least before the said last mentioned day; that they may then and there show cause, if any they have, why the prayer in said petition set forth should not be granted.

RALPH N. SMITH, Ass't Clerk.

A true copy of the petition and of the order of the Court thereon.

Attest, RALPH N. SMITH, Ass't Clerk.

## COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

SUFFOLK, SS: Boston, Dec. 23, 1909. Then personally appeared the above named William H. Hamlen, treasurer of the Robbins Spring Water Co., and made oath that the above stated facts are true, before me.

JAMES A. BAILEY, JR., Justice of the Peace.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the subscriber has been duly appointed executrix of the will of Lucius Kimball, late of Arlington, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, testate, and has taken upon herself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are hereby required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to CARRIE ELIZABETH KIMBALL, (Address) 229 Main Ave., Arlington, Mass. December 22d, 1909. SJan2w

## COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

PROBATE COURT.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

To the State Board of Insanity, the next of kin and all persons interested in the estate of NEHEMIAH H. CUTTER, of Arlington, in said County, an insane person.

Whereas, Byron B. Johnson, the guardian of said insane person, has presented his petition for license to sell at private sale, in accordance with the order named in said petition or upon such terms as may be adjudged best, certain real estate therein specified, of his ward for investment.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the nineteenth day of January, A. D., 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each of you fourteen days, at least, before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks in the ARLINGTON ADVOCATE, a newspaper published in Arlington, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by delivering a copy of said citation to the State Board of Insanity seven days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-ninth day of December, in the year one thousand nine hundred and nine. SJan2w W. E. ROGERS, Register.

## COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

PROBATE COURT.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of MOSES L. SANBORN, late of Arlington, in said County, deceased, intestate.

Whereas a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Howard F. Butler, of Boston, in the County of Suffolk.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-fifth day of January, A. D., 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the ARLINGTON ADVOCATE, a newspaper published in Arlington, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this seventh day of January, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten. SJan2w W. E. ROGERS, Register.

## COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

PROBATE COURT.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of WALTER T. CLARK, late of Lexington, in said County, deceased, intestate.

Whereas a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to J. E. Norton Shaw, of New Bedford, in the County of Bristol.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the second day of February, A. D., 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Lexington Minute-man, a newspaper published in said County of Middlesex, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this tenth day of January, in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten. SJan2w W. E. ROGERS, Register.

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